THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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CLOSE BY MY MOTHER'S SIDE.

Where shall I make the grave?
Here, where the waters lave,
Singing low tones?
Here, where the iris blooms,
Breathing its sweet perfumes?
Oh, no, not there!
Close by my mother's side,
Let all my sorrow hide—
There, only there!

Look down this hallowed dell—
Here shade and silence dwell;
Deep is the gloom.
Here, as birds seek their nest,
Broken heart, find thy rest;
Oh, no, not there!
Take me where shadows bide,
Close by my mother's side—
There, only there!

Yonder, in marble hall,
Spread is the noble's pall,
Poet and sage;
Glowing each lettered urn,
Telling of deeds that burn:
Oh, no, not there!
Prouder my greatest pride,
Close by my mother's side,
There, only there.

Loving heart, here's the place;
Dust to dust, Death's embrace!
Ends thy faith here?
No, no; I see those eyes,
Beaming with glad surprise,
Waked from this sleep,
Welcomed among the blest,
Pain and fear all at rest—
There, only there!

Answered her life-long plea,
Light and the truth to see,
Crowned that meek brow!
Oh, to partake thy smile,
Dust with her dust the while,
My humble prayer;
Close by my mother's side
Let me thy coming bide,
There, only there!

THE PNEUMATIC RAILROAD IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

[See Article on Fourth Page.]

The Haunted House of Arleigh.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS ARLEIGH'S FANCIES.

What old Tim had told me of poor Rachael's story served a two-fold purpose; it drew me nearer to him as having known her, and made her memory too sacred for loud lament or hopeless sorrow. I did not see Janet again that night, and after the old man had left me, I sat communing with the past and my own heart, till the chill air and faint gray light struggling through the curtains showed me the day. Then I lay down awhile to rest, and thinking still, sank away into slumber. I awoke when it was fully morning, and arose, quiet, but very sad to bind again the loosened chain of life about me, that had lost its dearest link. I do not remember feeling either weak or faint as I began my accustomed work; every trace of my illness seemed swallowed in my loss of Rachael, and by-and-by, Janet coming in, started in surprise to see me busied in my old seat by the window over my sewing. She looked worn and jaded, and the heavy lines were drawn deeper in her hard face than I had ever seen them before. When she spoke after a while, (she did not address me at once, but made a pretence, I thought, of going about the room, before doing so,) I found her manner changed, not to gentleness or tenderness, but the harsh forbidding tone was gone, and in its stead was something akin to interest.

"You have had a loss," she said, "but you are too young and hopeful to bend under it; cheer up, for where there is no self-reproach, there can be no lasting sting."

There was more relenting expressed towards me in her voice, than I could ever have imagined it capable of conveying, and she stood before me with her dead black eyes watching mine, not unkindly.

"So you were Rachael's sister," she added the next moment.

"Yes," I replied, my tears swelling at her name. "Yes, that is I was—"

"That is, she adopted you," she interrupted me. "Yes I know you told me that."

"Told you that," I exclaimed, sitting up suddenly and looking at her in astonishment. "When did I tell you that?"

"Oh, on one of those long, quiet nights, when you and I talked together in confidence."

She laughed a sharp, dry unpleasant laugh, and pointed to the little bed in the chamber beyond. I recalled strange disjointed bits of conversation, things that I partly knew and partly guessed at, fragments that seemed half dreams, half realities, as my eye followed her finger, and my mind gathered her meaning. She watched me; reading my thoughts and nodded her head with another strange laugh.

"Dreams," she said, "but wonderful dreams, too."

I was always affected by her, and now she held me so completely in the power of her coal black eyes, that I could only watch her without speaking, till she released me and turned towards the door. Then I said,

"There was a letter, Janet; did it come to Miss Arleigh, was no one sent to tell me—oh, if I could only know why I was forgotten!"

"The letter came to Miss Arleigh because it related to business; that old Corbin woman who came from Dover yesterday, brought all you want to hear. This is your breakfast, the last meal I will serve you as a nurse—there is something for you to do, now you're well; remember, you're well, and able to do it now." She said this as she laid a cloth and spread my tea and toast ready for me; and finishing, she drew me towards it and forced me to sit down. "Eat," she said, "you must eat to work." I obeyed her, with my mind on Mrs. Corbin. "You know you engaged to attend Miss Arleigh, and she needs you now, greatly," she said; "she is ill, worse than you can think—so I pray you give but little time to what you cannot change or alter; and make haste and come to her. You will do this I know, when I tell you again that she really needs you."

Janet left me, and I swallowed the tea and ate the toast eagerly, for I said to myself, "I must do what I can to be useful—Rachael would have me do so, I know." I felt that Mrs. Corbin would soon see me. I was not mistaken. In a few minutes Tim ushered her in, and I was at her side, listening breathlessly to what she had to tell me. It was nothing but what I had already guessed at; they had taken their journey at a wrong time. Rachael had sunk from the first, but was so hopeful, that her aunt could not persuade her to send for or alarm me; and even when she became too weak to sit up or move, she still clung to the idea of coming back and surprising me. One evening she had been talking cheerfully of being better, and hoping to be home at Christmas, in the old house in White Chapel road, when suddenly she fell back among her pillows cold and fainting; and after an hour or two of weak struggling efforts for life, went home indeed. It was the night on which Miss Arleigh had been so disturbed, and the night on which I had seen her in the doorway. I was still crying quietly, beside Mrs. Corbin, when Janet came for me.

"Come," she said, "Miss Arleigh is calling for you."

The old lady rose.

"Barbara," she said, "you know how Rachael loved you; all she left is yours when you claim it, she meant it for you, I know."

I choked as I caught her hand in mine, and begged her to give me some keepsake—something my dear sister had worn, and keep the rest, for I could need nothing more; her kindness and love had made me able to take care of myself. Then, after parting with her for the present, I followed Janet, with trembling steps, to quite the other end of the house, where I had never been before. At a door of modern make and bright color we stopped to knock, and then entered. The room into which it opened was different in every way from any other part of the house, the walls were brilliantly painted, the panels gilded, and the furniture fresh and fanciful. There was something like glare in the decorations unlike the quiet old-fashioned grandeur of the rest of the rooms; and wondering at this, I wondered still more to see its mistress sitting upright among rich, gay cushions, though ghastly pale, and illness stamped on every feature, working nervously with trembling fingers at some brilliant embroidery.

"I thought you would never come," she cried impatiently, the instant I appeared, and without a word about my sickness, or the dreadful sorrow that had befallen me, she continued—"There, read to me, talk to me, do whatever you wish to do, I need you now more than ever."

If she had named Rachael to me I suppose I should have been weak and powerless, but there was something in her face that always made me lock up my heart in her presence, and in a few moments I was glad it was so now. I sat down; there was a table at her side, and books and engravings upon it. I took them up.

"Here are some pictures," I said, "what are they about? Strange scenes, and strange people too, who are they?" I asked her, not that I cared to know or scarcely saw them, but that I had to speak, and this was something to speak of. She drew the picture from my hand and looked at it an instant, then flung it fiercely on the ground.

"Why did you bring me that?" she cried. "Talk, talk, I say, I did not send for you to harrow me again. If you cannot speak, read; here are books, you see; take this one; I don't know which it is, but take it and read."

Janet stood by looking grimly at us both, whilst I commenced reading something of which I cannot now even recall the name. Miss Arleigh interrupted me.

"You can go now, Janet, you see I do not want you, we are both tired of each other, and you need rest."

Janet laughed the hard short laugh that seemed to belong to her, and turned on her heel. At the door she looked over her shoulder and said in an undertone—

"I do not need rest, and that girl is only half recovered. Don't tax her too much—remember."

She went away and left us alone together. It was a dull, sleepy sort of day outside, with a clouded sort of light and no sunshine; the wind every little while would dash suddenly against the windows as if demanding entrance, then die off in a hollow whistle, and hurry away round the house-corner. At every one of these sounds the white face opposite me would grow whiter, and the compressed lips be drawn more tightly together as she leaned forward to listen, crying,

"What's that?" And when she had grown quieter, and had listened a long time to what I was reading, I stopped, and looking round me, said—

"What a bright room this is, everything reflects the clear glow of the fire. It's very cheerful."

"Is it?" she asked, watching my face; "do you really think so?"

"Yes," I answered. "Why is it unlike every place else in the house?"

"I try to make it so. I am very miserable at times, you know, and I must have something around me to take my thoughts away from things I have known. Old books, old furniture, old faces become insupportable to me then; you have seen me banish Janet just now, well, I cannot control these things."

I glanced at the picture at her feet.

"Is that an old memory?" I asked, and read the name. "An Indian sunset. Were you ever in India?"

"No, no," she exclaimed; "why do you ask, do you know anything of it? What do you know? Speak, will you?" But without waiting for a word from me, she rose quickly, caught the paper from the floor and threw it on the coals. It flamed up in an instant and went circling up in light fragments. As she dropped into her place again a sudden thought flashed into my mind; there were women in the picture standing by a well, under tall trees, and they were dressed just as the lady I had seen so strangely, and who now seemed like a dream to me since the illness and trouble I had had. Thinking this, I was silent and lost in thought for a moment, but Miss Arleigh was not so; she watched me with her eager, hungry look, and then sunk back with her weak body and tireless soul, that would not let her rest, a miserable picture of wretched disquiet. Hours and hours after this—it was somewhere in the twilight, I think, for we had dined and were sitting in the blaze of candle and fire-light—she could not bear the approach of darkness, and warded it off at its first warning shadow—Miss Arleigh became as she was when at her best, smiling, smooth, low-voiced and composed. She laughed at herself for what she called her nervous follies, and talked gayly of being out again in London when the spring season commenced. Riding and driving, she said, gave her new life; it was only because she was moped up in this dull horror of a house that she had run down so. That was all; and now she was sleepy, positively sleepy, and must lie down, but I must not leave her, remember that. She must see me when she woke again surely. Why she clung to me thus I know then less than ever, but I promised her and waited on her till she lay among her pillows, the sallow whiteness of her sharp features looking ghastly among their snowy laces.

CHAPTER XII.

A DREAM OF THE INDIAN WOMAN.

I was weary too—so weary that I ached in every nerve. It was dreary in her splendid chamber, when her restless eyes were closed, and the strange life I could not fathom seemed to go on for a while. I sat looking at the fire, too dull and worn even to think, till its glow became less and less, and at last faded out entirely from before me. Once or twice I started, and it came back while I rubbed my eyes; but at last I lost it, and everything around me, and was off far away upon a broad river, in a little boat, with two companions I did not know. It seemed night everywhere around me. I could see only a glimmer of stars in the black lowering sky, and hear the gurgling dash of dark waters around me. Where I was going I could not tell, nor who was with me in my journey, but a cold wind seemed to blow upon me and chill me to the soul, and I groped about trembling and dreading I knew not what. All at once a faint light seemed to rise before me like a star, and come nearer and nearer, till I could see a form, bearing a lamp in its hand, float over the water towards me. I saw the light it bore, but all save the outline of its floating robe was hidden from me. Then I turned to my companions and knew them now, as they stood beside me, clear and distinct, to be Hepsy and Rachael. Nearer came the figure with the light, and as I gazed wonderingly at the two faces, once so familiar, now so strangely changed, they rose slowly and then sank away without a splash or sound under the water, deep, black and waveless, as it flowed along with the strange light upon it. The floating figure was beside me now. I looked up from the closing waters to meet it face to face. I started back again, struggled, gasped, and strove to awake, as a drowning person struggles for breath, and, with a frantic effort, at last unclosed my eyes. I stood up. I was alone, thank God. The fire had died out on the hearth, the room was cold and chilly, and a benumbed, miserable feeling seized me as I stood shivering, trying to collect my scattered senses.

"That dreadful foreign lady again, why does she haunt my dreams?" I thought. "Why should she come towards me over that gloomy sea, bearing a light in her hand. What have I to do with her?" What, indeed! Yet there she stood, close to my very feet, with a finger on her lips, and one hand extended towards me with a gesture that said—"Come!" I could not question how she came there; I only saw that there she was, standing about midway between the hearth and bed, just on the spot I had arisen from. Her face was towards me, for she looked slightly backwards, but her finger pointed towards the bed with the motion that called me. I saw her so plainly now, that every line in her mysterious face was stamped upon my heart and memory, like a figure in relief, to live there till the setting was shattered forever. Large, appealing eyes, a beauty saddened, but not faded, a stately grace born of nature, and a strange, indescribable motion as she passed by me, and floated more than moved towards the sleeping figure, became as plain to me as any impression I ever received in my life. She stopped a moment to look at me once more, and then stooped over the couch. I had not moved, nor could I. I stood where I first rose. I stood there cold, numb, but perfectly conscious. The bed was plain in sight, the white face on it, and the form that bent over it, but I could neither have stepped or spoken for my life. The foreign woman seemed to pause, and study what lay before her; then she raised a hand—Miss Arleigh's hand. I had looked at it before I lost myself in sleep, as it lay so white and beautifully veined on the rich coverlet; but now, as that other hand held it up, it was clenched and bloody, and this was what she had to show me. Yes, her finger pointed here; her lips shaped "Look at it!" and her eyes held mine as I did so. Then, as she still held it, and still claimed my gaze with her outstretched hand, still enchained me with her pleading eyes, she went away, how I cannot tell—not suddenly, but shade by shade, so that I scarcely knew when I lost the last outline.

But it was gone at last, and I was standing there alone. I seized a lamp that stood beside me on the table and hurried towards the bed, and then fled away from it towards the door, to hurry back again. I tried to cry out, but every drop of moisture had left my throat and my tongue was dry and powerless, and I uttered strange sounds that startled me to hear. I stood still, and tried to think. If I could have seen a human face to break the horror that possessed me like an evil spirit—but that seemed impossible. Janet and Tim seemed separated from me by some insurmountable barrier, and the face upon the bed was as dreadful as if it belonged to the dead. While I was yet thinking of it, it rose up slowly, steadily, with fixed open eyes, and Miss Arleigh, in a long white nightgown, stood upright on the floor. For a little while she stood still, looking straight before her, and then, with a stealthy motion, as if feeling in the dark, she crossed the room to where I was, but did not seem to see me. I shrank back at first, but she stood as she had done, looking straight before her, without any recognition in her eyes, till suddenly she laid her hand upon my arm—her cold, slender hand, white and unstained as ever; and then moved forward and went towards the door, whither I followed unresistingly. It was like a dreadful dream to pass through that great silent hall, with its remaining shadows flying away before the light I still held, and the strange echoing of my footsteps and the noiseless fall of her shoeless feet made ghostly murmurs in the chilly air around us.

To the furthest end of the hall she led me, where the great window was, and there we stopped—just by the door where I had seen the fo-

reign woman stand the night that Rachael died. I would have shrunk back if I had had the power. My strength was dead; so was my will. Nothing lived in me but the consciousness of terror, and obedience to some stronger force than mine. The large, wide open eyes turned towards me again, but did not seem to see me, and with a touch on the spring the door opened and we passed in.

CHAPTER XIII.

"NOT NOW, NOT NOW!"

A dull, cold, chilly room, large and full of shadows, with the smell of dust and the presence of dust on everything. The lamp I carried threw but a fleeting light, that struggled feebly with the powerful darkness, which filled the chamber like a living thing. At first I could see but little beyond our own figures, but by-and-by the shadows yielded to my straining eyes, and showed me a great alcove with a curtained bed, and a low couch placed in a recess near it, upon which some one lay, and slept or seemed to sleep, for I could in nowise separate the real from the unreal. Miss Arleigh, still with an outstretched hand, glided forward, and I followed, till we leaned above the sleeper, and saw the form, which was that of a youth dressed in an Indian costume, but the face was hidden by the arm that shielded it, and by a cloud of long black hair that denied the boy's dress of its owner. My companion clenched the little white hand which she kept outstretched, and seemed to shudder from head to foot with some hidden passion.

Another figure came out of the darkness towards us, but not looking at or seeing us. It was Hepsy, young and beautiful, but still unmistakably Hepsy, as I had seen her the night she died. She came on, and when close beside the couch stooped and touched the sleeper's shoulder gently with her hand, who, obedient to the summons, seemed to waken and sit up confronting us. It was the face of the ghost that haunted me—the foreign lady masquerading in a boy's dress, and she seemed to weep and press poor Hepsy's hand with a strange and humble fondness. Softly, as I could judge by the cautious motions she made, as of one who in darkness trusts to feeling for a guide, she followed the hand she caressed that drew her slowly away; and Miss Arleigh's arm dropped by her side as she turned and stole quietly away, murmuring "Not now, not now."

We passed the threshold silently as we had entered the room, and I remember crossing the hall and reaching our own chamber before a deadly chilliness, followed by a stupor like that preceding death from cold, stole over me, and I knew no more till the warm, bright sun awoke me shining in my eyes. I was sitting in the cushioned chair I had fallen asleep in the night before; a great fire blazed brightly on the hearth, and Janet knelt beside it, warming Miss Arleigh's slippers. She was up, and seated in her own peculiar nest of cushions, looking better and fresher than I had seen her for weeks past.

"It must have been a dream," I thought; "yes, surely, it must have been a dream."

I tried to rise, but at first found it impossible; my limbs were stiff and ached with numb pain.

"Well, Barbara," said Janet, kindly, "you have slept, and I'm glad of it. Sleep is medicine when it as undisturbed as yours must be."

"Have I been sleeping long?" I asked. "Is it late?"

"No, no," said Miss Arleigh; "you have not overslept yourself, if that is what you mean. I didn't need you till now, but now, as you are awake, be quick and dress, so that you may breakfast with me."

I sprang up, determined to rouse myself and separate, if possible, my dreams from what was really passing. I went to my room, where the sun was flooding in through the open window, and keeping in the warmth of its awakening light as long as I could, I bathed my face and brushed my hair, so as to banish as far as possible the vacant terrors the glass reflected when I looked in it. Returning I joined Miss Arleigh, and, although I found it difficult to eat, I swallowed the fragrant coffee cup after cup, until Janet, who served me, declared that I should have no more.

"You look white and nervous enough now," she said; "and as to making an entire breakfast on coffee, it isn't the best way to get back the strength you need so much."

Without arguing the case with her, I felt that the stimulating power of the drink helped me, and I could find no taste for food.

"Will you be measured for your black to-day, Barbara?" asked Janet. "One of the girls from the old place at Finsbury Square is waiting below now, Tim says."

She put this question to me as she returned from the hall, whither she had gone to answer Tim's knock and ghostly beckoning. Miss Arleigh had drawn her chair over to the open window, and was looking out at the early carriages that wheeled by with borough people who were going to shop in town. She neither glanced towards me nor showed any interest in my staying or going.

"Do you need me now?" I asked, coming near her.

She looked out still, and, without turning her head, shook it slightly. So I went out to where Tim waited, with the evident design of escorting me down to the lower rooms.

"Are you much ailin' the day?" he asked tenderly, taking the hand I held out to him, and patting it gently within his two hard palms.

"No, I am better, I think, Tim," I answered. But will you answer me a question or two truthfully? Do, Tim, dear, I implore you."

He looked up sharply.

"An' what may they be now, darlint?" he asked.

I drew him with me into the little sitting-room which Miss Arleigh had deserted of late, and closing the door behind us, I implored him to tell me what he knew of the vision which I had seen so often.

"Who is this foreign lady, Tim? Why does she come and go unseen, and what have I to do with her?"

"God knows, darlint," said Tim solemnly. "I can only tell you the little a poor ignorant man like meself could pick up and put together, which maybe will make ye no wiser when ye hear it. I told ye Colonel Arleigh wint to Indis, but, forbye that there was a great stir in the place, an' Miss Arleigh had a faver, I can give ye no raisin in life for their not being married, as ivery one said they were to be. It was three years before he come back again, and thin it was understood that he'd made a fortune entirely, and could marry the first in the land for wealth. Well, both Miss Arleigh and Miss Hester brightened up in a wonderful way; an' I mind well seein' them both drivin' out to ether, after the news came that he might be expected, an' there was great doins' in the way of preparations. He came at last, wid as many followers as a prince, an' the house was a'most choked up, as a body may say, wid yellow faces and gould earrings. There was one, a young lad to look at, that stayed close by him night an' day, an' though all that wint on was Greek to him, he kept a bright eye on everythin', an' seemed jist watchin' your very thoughts. Some way the maids in the kitchen tuck to whisperin' among themselves that they saw the strange boy in women's clothes whin they got a glimpse of what was goin' on in the Colonel's room through the window. Well, it reached Miss Arleigh's ears, an' I suppose there niver was blacker family trouble nor came of it. First, the Colonel and Miss Hester seemed to be at daggers drawn, and then Miss Arleigh taxed him wid bringing home a heathen craythur to disgrace the hous.: and the upshot was that the poor foreign girl made off one night by her lone, wid a bundle on her shoulder. Every one in the kitchen saw her go; and what's more, they knew that Miss Hester and her was colenguing thegither late all the night before—for ye must know Miss Hester tuck the poor body's part. The next day there was no word of Miss Hester at all, at all. The door of her room was locked, an' she giv no answer one way or another to the knocking of Miss Arleigh. Thin they broke in the door, an' not a sign of her was to be seen high or low. An' her goin', you see, was a mystery, till Colonel Arleigh came back from Paris, where he had tuck himself off to, on the first hard word from the mistress. Thin it came out—glory be to God!—it's awful to tell you, but the poor craythur we thought was safe on her way to her own country, was found locked up in the Colonel's closed room, wid a quare knife she always wore about her stickin' in her heart, and her disfigured body lyin' in its blood on the floor, at the foot of the Colonel's bed. How iver she got in there no one could tell, for ye see the Colonel had locked the door, and the windows were barred. There was a small lamp lying at her feet; a purty little lamp, the mate ov one in Miss Arleigh's room; and it was a wonder among all the wonders how she got that—but from that day to this there niver was the least ray ov light on the matter. Janet Brice, who was a gipsy girl, had been here them for many a day; but suddenly she was raised from the laundry to the mistress's private chamber. And whin all was over, and the gentlemen from town had been out, and looked into the room, and had a long talk over the body before they could give leave to bury it, the Colonel sailed away to his foreign home, and Miss Arleigh took a terrible illness. The cries of her were awful to hear, but no one saw her except Janet, an' she tould us all that it was grief for the disgrace Miss Hester put on the family that made her ill, an' no one must be called in for fear ov hearin' what they wanted to kape quiet. At long an' at last she got over it, an' from that to this she has been what you see her now—sometimes better, sometimes worse. Miss Hester was niver heard of again by any of us; but an ould gipsy hag was seen talkin' at night with Janet, an' Miss Arleigh after that prepared an' tuck a long journey, but came back sorely disappointed about something we could all see. An' once I overheard her tell Janet that "she had gone lavin' no trace behind her." I have only my own bits of words that I gathered here an' there for a guide to the rest, but this is what I made out ov it all. Miss Hester was or ought to have been the Colonel's wife, and he wouldn't own her, so she fled away for shame; an' it was to give word of her the gipsy came. I was telling ye the Colonel came home from India. Well, he did, but he wint off mighty suddent again, for he was shot by some unknown hand as he was riding in London, and it was feared for a time it would be his death. Anyway, as soon as he could be moved, he was carried to a ship, and away he wint over the seas."

"Do you think, Tim," I asked, in an awe-struck whisper, "do you think the woman with the turban, that I saw, was a spirit—the spirit of the poor creature that died so dreadfully?"

"God be praised," said Tim, devoutly crossing himself, "I don't say who it was; but it stands to raison that she couldn't rest, an' may the blissed saints stand between us an' harm."

"You said you saw her go away, didn't you, Tim?"

"Yes, I did; an' it puzzled us all to make out about it rightly; but I suppose that she lint her quare clothes to Miss Hester, an' that some way, bein' both, as ye may say, victims, there was a feelin' ov pity between them, though naither could know a word the other said."

Janet Brice pushed open the door at which I leaned as he said these words, and thrust her dark face in between the old man's and mine.

"Is Tim cutting and measuring your clothes, Barbara?" she asked, sharply.

I turned round, without the least desire to deprecate her wrath—what I had learned seemed to swallow up all little fears—and without answering passed her by, and went down stairs. What she said to Tim, or whether she remained to speak to him at all, I do not know.

I was still engaged with a little woman in the drawing room, who was busy performing a mysterious rite about me with an inch measure when Tim entered on some pretended errand, and managed, as he left the room, to put a newspaper in my hand with a pin quilted through the shipping news.

"He's coming, you see," he whispered as he closed the door.

He? I knew no other of whom Tim would speak except Colonel Arleigh, and I saw no mention of his name in the paper, or anything relating to him, only the arrival of the East Indiaman "Diglma." But scarcely an hour afterwards, while I was sitting in my old place at Miss Arleigh's side, reading from a book she gave me, without knowing the meaning of one single word I uttered, I heard a stir below, followed by the dash of a carriage up the court-yard, and Miss Arleigh started forward, with her finger at her lips:

"Listen," she cried, breathlessly; "listen!"

Then, grasping the arms of her chair, she raised herself, but sank back again, like a corpse in whiteness, screaming, faintly:

"Call Janet, quick, quick—call Janet!"

I ran to the door, at which Janet met me, coming in great haste, and pushed me aside without waiting to hear my message. I saw her raise her mistress in her arms, and was coming back to aid her, when she bade me go and leave them to themselves. I went out through the hall, and had but just gained the head of the staircase when I saw a tall gentleman in cloak and wrappings coming up. While Tim had pictured Colonel Arleigh I had seen him plain before me, and now I needed no further description to assure me that I saw him face to face. To call him handsome would be to convey but a faint idea of the wonderful charm of his powerful beauty. He was not a young man now, but he was one of those who, whatever their age might be, seemed to look better at that time than any other; and there was an indescribable radiance about his eyes and a tender beauty in his smile that took you captive the instant he turned them upon you. I was a little, pale, troubled looking girl, plainly dressed and very timid in heart and manner, but he stood aside to let me pass with a courtly grace as if I were a queen. I curtsied with downcast eyes and hurried by him to where Tim was busied in the hall, helping to usher in the Colonel's attendants, who seemed to me innumerable. What to do, whether to alarm Tim by telling him of Miss Arleigh's illness, which, sudden as it was, had really alarmed me, I knew not. After Janet had forbidden me to remain I did not dare to go back till summoned, and yet I was miserable in not being able to do something; for, in the wretched, half crazed state of mind in which I was, it seemed positively necessary that I should work. No noise or alarm came from the chamber I had left, and I wandered up and down, noting that a new life and instinct seemed to pervade the household—that the two maids ran briskly hither and thither, and that even the deaf cook was flying excitedly up and down the kitchen.

"Here, Miss Barbara," she exclaimed, as I leant against the door post, looking listlessly at the hurry, "pray take this up to the Colonel's room, and set it by his door."

She pointed to a tall, slender vase, with hot-house leaves and flowers in it, which Tim had collected and arranged with real taste in honor of the Colonel. I took it up, and was leaving the kitchen, when Tim said:

"Do ye know the room, Miss Bab?"

"The one at the upper end of the hall, is it not?" I asked, with a slight shudder, referring painfully to the room so full of horror to me.

"No, no, miss," cried one of the maids, who had heard my question; "for you know they call that room haunted, and all the money in India, rich as it is, wouldn't tempt the Colonel to go inside of it."

"Why will ye be gabbing, now, about what don't be yer business in any way? Cook, have ye nothin' for Kitty to do, that she's bletherin' here?"

Tim seemed altered; he was brisker, and moved about as if with a new interest and energy. He now followed me out into the hall.

"Has he seen the mistress, do ye know?" he said.

"I cannot tell; I am worried about her; for she's white as a ghost, and fell back in Janet's arms dreadfully ill looking."

Tim was startled at hearing this, and begged me to listen by the door as I passed, and tell him if anything was to be heard. At the threshold of the Colonel's room I paused to leave the vase, and had just placed it on the ground when he opened the door, and stood there looking down at me.

"You're Miss Arleigh's companion, ar'n't you?" he said with a gentle smile that invited confidence, assured me of interest, and was altogether more winning than any words could have been.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I am Miss Arleigh's attendant."

"I wish then that you would take the trouble to see if she will allow me to wait on her. May I ask if you will be so good."

I bowed without speaking, glad to have the excuse of knocking at Miss Arleigh's door, and hurried away to gain him admission, while bereft of his outer wrappings he walked up and down the hall, the finest figure of a gentleman I ever saw. No one replied to the faint tap I gave, and I increased it to a louder knock, which at length was answered by Janet, who opened the door only wide enough to admit me and closed it again. On the sofa Miss Arleigh was lying at length; her eyes were closed, and every appearance of death hung upon her pallid face. The noise of my footsteps, light as they were, aroused her, she unclosed her great black eyes and looked at me with an odd stare, that had neither sense nor recognition in it.

"Is she very ill," I asked, faintly.

"Very ill," answered Janet, and her face told more than her words.

"The Colonel, who arrived this morning, wishes to see her, and begged me to say so. What answer shall I make him?"

Before Janet could reply, Miss Arleigh had sprung up and fixed her eyes upon me with a wild glare.

"Let me see him—tell him he must not speak—but let me see him; I must and will, Janet; you cannot prevent me!"

Not a word of dissuasion or remonstrance did Janet utter. She simply wound her arms round the slender figure of her mistress, and held her down gently and firmly.

"When you are stronger you shall do as you will; now you must do nothing but struggle to control yourself," she said, at length. Panting and trembling the poor creature fell back and partly closed her eyes again. "If he is waiting there, tell him that by-and-by he may come, that Miss Arleigh will soon be able to receive him."

Janet said this without turning her face towards me, and obedient to it I left the room to find that the Colonel had gone down to the drawing-room perhaps, but at any rate he was not where I had left him. Tim undertook the message I had to carry him, he was waiting apparently with that intent, and I returned to Miss Arleigh, longing to be set a task of some sort that would destroy the weary wretchedness that possessed me. I had not closed the door in leaving the apartment, and I pushed it open noiselessly, and found that Janet had not changed the position in which I left her, but was still talking in a low, earnest tone to her mistress.

"You suffered bravely for the first ten years; the next five saw you growing weak and losing courage; but these five have found you perfectly maudlin with neither purpose nor determination. Now I swear to you, that if through your silly folly the secret I have made my life a slavery to preserve is lost, I will desert you as I would any other unworthy thing that could not value the devotion it received!" I coughed slightly, and turned the door handle noisily. Without turning to notice it she went on. "I know your head is weak and painful, poor lady! poor lady!" she continued to repeat these and other soothing words, and by-and-by told me that I could come and take my place by Miss Arleigh, and read to her about the summer weather and the woods in spring. "Anything that don't mention winter or its snows," she added in a whisper. When I had found something that I thought from the engravings that illustrated it, might be a poem of flowers and sunshine, I began to read, knowing nothing of the sense of what I uttered, and listening and trembling all the time for the sound of some trouble that I felt through some indefinable warning was at hand.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by MRS. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c., too numerous to mention.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen years*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows: One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

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☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

CITY REFORM.

In relation to sweeping the streets of cities, "Dr. Littlejohn says, in a paper on the cleansing operations in Edinburgh, that by an efficient staff of scavengers fifty thousand tons of solid refuse are annually removed from the streets and placed in depots in the neighborhood of the town. The sale of this refuse brings into the municipal treasury £7,000 per annum. The entire cost of cleansing the city is £13,000 per annum, viz: £6,000 for wages, £6,000 for cost of conveyance of refuse to the depots, and £1,000 for wear and tear of materials. The Old Town and the poorer districts of the New Town, are visited by the wagons morning and evening; the greater proportion of the New Town only receives a morning visit. Thus all accumulations of refuse for a period longer than a few hours are prevented; the streets are thoroughly cleansed daily; a large number of men are kept in regular employment, many of whom might otherwise burden the rates; the rural districts obtain an excellent manure at a moderate cost, and the police rates are diminished by 3d. in the £1."

In reference to the above statement, the *Public Ledger*, of this city, asks, "When will the sweepings from our streets realize more than half the cost of cleaning them?"

We answer that this and other good things will come to pass when our city affairs are entirely disconnected from national politics, and men are elected to our municipal offices, not because they are in favor of a certain man for President, but because they are in favor of clean streets, and a wise and economical administration of our local government.

Our citizens should content themselves with showing their national politics in their votes for the officers of the nation; and let city politics be an entirely distinct thing, based upon local questions. If they would do this, we should soon have a cleaner and a healthier city, and our taxes would not be so heavy.

At the present time large portions of the city have the air contaminated by the presence of bone-boiling, chemical, and other obnoxious factories. Even where the air is not rendered more or less unhealthy for squares around, by the effluvia and exhalations of these factories, it is made decidedly unpleasant. Now there is nothing clearer as a rule of right than this: that while every man may do what he will with his own, he must not, in so doing, invade the rights of his neighbor. For instance, a man may make as great a stench as he pleases, if he will confine the smell to his own property. But no man has a right to pursue any business—however profitable—on his own property, which injures the value of the property of others for squares around him. Such nuisances ought to be abated; and the election of city officers with a view to the abatement of these nuisances, and who would avow themselves in favor of pure air and pure water, and opposed to everything calculated to injure the health and comfort of their fellow citizens, would be tenfold more sensible than the present plan of voting for men merely because they hold certain opinions upon national affairs, and of whose views upon those local questions which directly concern our health and prosperity we know nothing.

A TRIBUTE.

In the death of Elizabeth H. Whittier, sister of the poet, the world loses one of its most refined and tender spirits. A number of years ago, when travelling through New England, we visited their pleasant home in Amesbury, and found the brother, sister and mother living the secluded and quiet life which poetical natures love. Both brother and sister were sufferers from ill health, but still they were cheerful and contented—looking abroad from the loop-holes of retreat with unabated interest on all the great movements of the age, and full of hope and faith alike in the present and the future.

Miss Whittier was a poet of no mean ability, as many of her published writings prove. We copy the following as being probably unknown to our readers:—

NIGHT AND DEATH.

The storm-wind is howling
Through old pines afar;
The drear night is falling
Without moon or star.

The roused sea is lashing
The bold shore behind,
And the moan of its ebbing
Keeps time with the wind.

On, on through the darkness,
A spectre, I pass
Where, like moaning of broken hearts,
Surges the grass!

I see her lone head-stone—
'Tis white as a shroud;
Like pall, hangs above it
The low drooping cloud.

Who speaks through the dark night
And lull of the wind?
'Tis the sound of the pine-leaves
And sea-waves behind.

The dead girl is silent—
I stand by her now;
And her pulse beats no quicker,
Nor crimsons her brow.

The small hand that trembled,
When last in my own,
Lies patient and folded,
And colder than stone,

Like the white blossoms falling
To-night in the gale,
So she in her beauty
Sank mournful and pale.

Yet I loved her! I utter
Such words by her grave,
As I would not have spoken
Her last breath to save.

Of *her* love the angels
In heaven might tell,
While mine would be whispered
With shudders in hell!

'Twas well that the white ones
Who bore her to bliss,
Shut out from her new life
The vision of this.

Else, sure as I stand here,
And speak of my love,
She would leave for my darkness
Her glory above.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Close beside the meeting waters,
Long I stood as in a dream,
Watching how the little river
Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still the mingled current
Glided to the waiting sea;
On its breast serenely pictured
Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And I thought, "Oh, human spirit!
Strong and deep and pure and blest,
Let the stream of my existence
Blend with thine, and find its rest!"

I could die as dies the river,
In that current deep and wide;
I would live as live its waters,
Flashing from a stronger tide!

IS IT TRUE?

We find the following statement in a contemporary:—

"The petroleum produced in the State of Pennsylvania was sold at the wells for $56,000,000 during the last twelve months, and the iron and coal of Pennsylvania only produced $51,000,000. The number of petroleum companies organized is about 150, and in New York about 80."

Is it true that the amount of petroleum produced in this state already exceeds the amount of iron and coal? If so, it must add immensely to the prosperity of Pennsylvania. For the petroleum is, as it were, a *gift* of Providence, while coal and iron have to be gained with the sweat of the brow. In other words, the cost of producing the latter exceeds greatly that of producing the former. Some petroleum wells, in fact, do not even require pumping, but flow freely of themselves. Many of these latter wells, called flowing wells, will run to the extent of several hundreds of barrels a day, for which there has been a cash demand on the spot at the rate of ten dollars a barrel.

Forty Million Seven-Thirties Subscribed.

The subscriptions to this popular loan are now forty million dollars, and they continue to come in at the rate of about a million a day. The public are satisfied that there are no other investments so profitable as U. S. securities. While nearly all the hundreds of miscellaneous stocks sold in the New York market have been declining for several weeks, Government stocks have remained firm; and while lenders loan very sparingly, and at high rates, on the best mercantile paper, they have plenty of money to lend on Government paper, at as low rates as ever. While the Government needs the people's money, and pays for it liberally, it offers the highest possible consideration besides, and that is, *safety*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT. A History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-64: Its Causes, Incidents and Results: Intended to Exhibit especially its Moral and Political Phases, with the Drift and Progress of American Opinion respecting Human Slavery from 1776 to the Close of the War for the Union. By HORACE GREELEY. Illustrated by Portraits, on Steel, of Generals, Statesmen, &c. Vol. 1. Published by O. D. Case & Co., Hartford. We have already noticed this work, and now simply add that, according to the publishers, it is having a very large sale. The second volume will be published as soon as practicable after the close of the war.

PETERSON'S NEW COOK BOOK; OR, USEFUL AND PRACTICAL RECEIPTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE AND THE UNINITIATED. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE RIVAL BELLES; OR, LIFE IN WASHINGTON. By J. B. JONES, author of "Wild Western Scenes," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

LETTER ON CORPULENCE. By WILLIAM BANTING. Published J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE DEVOTED BRIDE. By ST. GEORGE TUCKER. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE HAUNTED TOWER. By MRS. HENRY WOOD. This is the story of "Pomeroy Abbey," published by us several years since. It is very good of its kind. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

MAGAZINES. Harper's for October, the Atlantic for October, and Godey's Lady's Book, have been received—and well maintain their reputation.

☞ A Parisian physician relates a curious case of poisoning by tobacco. A man had wrapped tobacco leaves around his body on the naked skin, in order to smuggle the article across the frontier, but the perspiration caused by walking in hot weather gave rise to an absorption of the active principle of the tobacco through the skin, which led to dangerous symptoms.

☞ A man down on Cape Cod, who separated from his wife, married a second woman, with whom he lived a year and a-half, and then died. His first wife took possession of his estate. The second wife sued her for pay for services during the time she lived with the deceased, and, after hearing the evidence, last week a good natured Cape Cod jury gave her a verdict allowing her $2 per week.

SWEET ROSE, whose panting passionate red
Love's trailing pinion in the sunrise dips,
Till fainting, failing, with its scarlet tips
Exhaling bliss, thou sinkest in thy bed,
All palpitating with delirious red—
Thou art my lady's lips!
I faint, I die in this
Delirium of bliss,
Ah, let my soul pour out itself—a kiss
Upon my lady's lips!

☞ Hans Christian Andersen is severe on crinoline. He says:—In this dress the female sex all look equally stout—young girls as well as old women; it looks like an open umbrella fastened round the waist—something with which neither nature nor nature's Creator had anything to do. Yes, in a thousand years women will not wear crinoline; its very name will never be mentioned. It will only be noticed in some very ancient works; and those who read them and see the pictures of the ladies of our days equiped in crinoline, will cry, "Merciful Heavens! what a ridiculous dress!"

☞ A Mount Washington letter says that nearly all the waiters at the hotels are young lady school teachers, of intelligent aspect, and easy, affable manners. They take this plan each season of seeing the mountains and of making an honest dollar at the same time.

☞ A man recently sat down at the supper-table of the Wendell House in Cleveland, and, without any ado, ate, in addition to the usual dishes, *twenty-seven* hard boiled eggs. He arose and walked away unconcernedly, as if he had done nothing wonderful.

☞ An ingenious trick has just been detected in Paris. A man and woman worked it. The man would go into a shop and make a small purchase of a few *sous* only, for which he paid with a five-franc or ten-franc piece, and received the change. Immediately after his departure his female confederate would enter and also make a small purchase. Then, after looking at other goods for a few minutes, she would politely ask for her change, and when the shop-keeper denied having received any coin from her, she would reply that he must have forgotten, and that if he looked in his till he would find a gold piece with a certain mark on it. On finding such a piece the astonished tradesman would, of course, give the change with many apologies.

☞ The Taunton Gazette mentions the death of a boy at that place, caused by frequent bathing in impure water. He absorbed the poison through the skin, abscesses formed, and he died after two weeks' sickness. Such cases are not uncommon where boys bathe in ponds that depend for a supply of water on the rains and not on springs. In dry seasons the water becomes corrupt and poisonous.

☞ A police officer in the capital of this state once arrested certain parties for offences against the city ordinances, and upon their arraignment was the principal witness for the Government. Describing the time when the offence was committed, he said it was between sunset and dark." "You mean to say," said the Court, "that it was twilight?" "I don't know anything about Latin," responded the witness, "but I know it was between sunset and dark."

☞ HUSKING.—The question is not yet settled how many bushels of corn a man can or should husk in a day. Daniel Scott, Jr., of Seneca county, New York, it is stated, husked in one day, working only nine hours, 97 bushels of ears of corn; 90 of which were good sound ears, and seven of poor corn. The ears were pulled from the stalks which had been cut from the ground and shocked in the usual way; and the stalks he bound up as he proceeded. During the last hour he husked twelve bushels. Who can beat it?

☞ Atlanta is the place which John C. Calhoun, many years since, said would become the greatest inland city of the South, and the capital of a Southern Confederacy. The would-be prophet hadn't a glimpse of Sherman and his soldiers in his dreams.

☞ Prof. Charles Martin, Hampden Sidney College, Virginia, advertises the reopening of his private school. "Terms—$6,000 for forty weeks. Everything found except lights and towels."

The Stowe Cottage.

[The following description is given of the cottage now being finished by the husband of Mrs. Stowe, for their own occupancy, at Hartford, Conn.:]

We visited recently the new Gothic cottage on the banks of Little River, above Sharpe's Rifle Factory, now being finished for the family of Mrs. H. E. B. Stowe, the authoress. Externally it seems to be rather contracted, but an examination of the interior reveals a large number of rooms, conveniently large and exceedingly well arranged. The situation is very fine. A natural grove of oaks surrounds the building. The surface of the land is undulating, and on the east is the beautiful stream of Little or Park River.

The building is of brick, in the Gothic style. The main entrance opens into a wide and lofty hall, which is divided from a conservatory by a depressed Gothic arch, bearing on a shield at the apex the coat of arms of Connecticut.

Through this arch will be seen a fountain surrounded with beautiful plants. This conservatory, occupying the south side of the building, is roofed and lighted with glass. It extends from the first floor to the roof, and on the second floor is a gallery, opening into the up-stairs boudoir on each side. The great beauty presented on first entering, apart from the green-house, is the grand stair-way, which is spiral, the newel post being a marked feature. It extends high above the stair-rail, and is to be surmounted by a bronze statuette. The railing is a solid frame, beautifully carved in recessed and open work composed of the different American woods, arranged in contrast as to color and grain. All the wood-work in the house exhibits its natural color. Most of it is oiled; though some is varnished. The doors and window-casings, and the work around the fire-place and mantels, are of American and English oak, curled-maple, butternut, chestnut, black-walnut, and pine. It is so arranged as to make contrasts, the color of one wood brought into juxtaposition acting as a correspondent to another.

Though the house is to be warmed in cold weather by a furnace, common wood fires will be used when the weather is not severely cold, to give an air of comfort to each room.

The variety of finish makes the whole house a complete museum. One room has the walls covered with maroon-colored velvet paper; another is green, and another has a paper resembling pink tarleton, wrought. In the matter of conveniences, as water-closets, bath-houses, and clothes-presses, the house is well endowed.

Who Commenced the War?

Those English writers who would throw the guilt of the war upon the North, are requested to read the following catalogue of "remarkable events," published in a Southern Almanac, all of which occurred during the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan and before a blow was struck by the Union:—

Dec. 27, 1860—Capture of Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney by South Carolina troops. Capt. Coste surrenders the revenue cutter Aiken.

Jan. 3, 1861—Capture of Fort Pulaski by the Savannah troops.

Jan. 3—The arsenal of Mount Vernon, Alabama, with 20,000 stand of arms, seized by the Alabama troops.

Jan. 4—Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay, taken by the Alabama troops.

Jan. 9—The steamship Star of the West fired into and driven off by the South Carolina batteries on Morris Island. Failure of an attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter.

Jan. 10—Forts Jackson, St. Phillip and Pike, near New Orleans, captured by the Louisiana troops.

Jan. 14—Capture of Pensacola Navy Yard and Forts Barrancas and McRee. Major Chase shortly afterwards takes command, and the siege of Fort Pickens commences.

Jan. 18—Surrender of Baton Rouge Arsenal to Louisiana troops.

Jan. 31—New Orleans Mint and Custom House taken.

Feb. 2—Seizure of Little Rock Arsenal by Arkansas troops.

Feb. 4—Surrender of the revenue cutter Cass to the Alabama authorities.

Feb. 8—Provisional Constitution adopted.

Feb. 9—Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and Alexander Stephens, of Georgia, elected President and Vice-President.

Feb. 16—Gen. Twiggs transferred public property in Texas to the state authorities. Colonel Waite, U. S. A., surrenders San Antonio to Col. Ben McCulloch and his Texas rangers.

March 2—The revenue cutter Dodge seized by the Texan authorities.

On the 12th of April Fort Sumter was bombarded; on the 13th it was surrendered, and on the 14th it was evacuated. It was not till the last named date that President Lincoln issued his first call for volunteers to put down the rebellion.

☞ RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.—How many illuminations of celestial origin come to all in sincere hours! Are these inspirations to be subjected to the authority of any tribunal? All expression of *will* by bodies and individuals that others should think as they do is tyranny. Numbers have no more right than a single person to enforce doctrine. They are each and all fallible, and are bound to special caution lest they should exert an influence over each other unfriendly to impartiality. A community so bound to an opinion as to abandon a man, and to be unjust to his character, who questions it, is a persecutor as much as if it used legal penalties.—*Channing.*

☞ Abernethy's prescription to a wealthy patient was:—"Let your servant bring you three or four pails of water, and put it into a wash-tub; take off your clothes, and get into it, and from head to foot rub yourself well with it, and you'll recover." "This advice of yours seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," said Abernethy, "it is open to that objection."

☞ Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterward.

☞ Tom is a bright little boy, and very much attached to his mother. The other day his father came home in a bad humor, and was scolding and finding fault with things generally. Little Tom sat and listened until he thought it necessary to interfere in behalf of his mother, when, looking up at his father, he said, in a very decided tone of "If you did not like her ways, what did you marry her for?" I need scarcely add that the weather cleared up at once, and the storm was over.

☞ A Richmond baby died recently of its name—Rebellion Virginia Chicora Davis Johnson.

Terrible Accident to Distinguished Æronauts.

Under the above head, the N. Y. Post of September 26 gets off the following hit at the gold and produce speculators:—

Great preparations were made some months ago for a balloon ascension, involving an enormous and unprecedented inflation. A number of speculative persons, who saw fit to invest all their means in the venture, formed an organization for the purpose of trying a series of grand experiments, and for a time everything promised well. Advantage was taken of all the peculiarities of the season, and it seemed as if the elements conspired to aid the new undertaking. The "conditions," as the spiritualists say, were "harmonious" and willing workmen, seduced by the prospect of large wages, gave their best energies to the completion of the work. Offices for subscription to the capital stock of the Adventurers' Company were opened on the Stock Board, at the Produce Exchange, and in three or four of our largest dry goods establishments, and the prospect of success became so fair that it was determined to begin operations at once.

The materials employed for the inflation of the balloon were curiously compounded. The sublimate essence of gold, a gas produced by dissolving that metal at a temperature of 280 degrees, was the basis of the compound. With this were mingled in fixed proportions, small quantities of flour, heated up to 15 degrees, coffee at 80 degrees, a little butter at 65 degrees, and a sifting of anthracite coal at 15 degrees. Some shreds of woolen cloth, pulverized under a pressure of 14 degrees, were added to the mixture, and particles of cotton were burned in a flame equal to 180 degrees. This singular chemical compound, more wonderful even than the

"Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,
Lizzard's leg, and owlet's wing,"

which Macbeth's witches made into

—— "a charm of powerful trouble,"

produced the most extraordinary effects. The air became murky, men choked and staggered in the poisonous fumes, little children fainted by the wayside, and women sighed piteously. But the balloon rose, expanded, grew round and huge, and increased day by day, till the sun became obscured and the light turned into darkness. The experiment was perfectly successful.

On Saturday last, however, a sudden collapse took place. The balloon was punctured by one of those mysterious accidents which sometimes befal great enterprises, and we grieve to be compelled to state that its falling folds caught and crushed several of the persons who were engaged in managing it. Their number is not yet precisely known, but if we may judge from the struggling limbs which protrude from the ruins of the structure, many must have been lost or badly injured. Further particulars will be known in the course of the day.

☞ INTERESTING SURGICAL OPERATION.—The Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) Advertiser thus relates how a Chinaman got a new nose:

"A Chinaman went to the hospital, who had lost his nose, and wished a new one put on, if possible. Dr. H——— cut from the man's forehead a piece of skin of the requisite size and shape for a nose, then turning it down formed a new nose with it. The piece was cut in such a shape, so that it would leave open nostrils, and was then sewed to the face, in its proper position and shape. The result is that the man has an artificial nose, which could hardly be detected as such, except on close inspection. The skin of the forehead was stretched and sewed together, so that what was taken off is now hardly noticeable. This is one of the most remarkable surgical operations we have ever noticed, remarkable mainly for ingenuity and successful result."

☞ MANNA.—Sir Roderick Murchison has been informed that a fall of manna has recently taken place in Asia Minor. This manna is a lichen which is formed in the steppes of the Kurghis, and is often carried in the fall to the west, across the Caspian. The grains, which are always perfectly detached, have much the form of a raspberry or mulberry, and are found frequently to be attached to a stony support of granite, sandstone and lime. The manna is ground into flour, and baked into bread, and is known amongst the Turks by the name of *kerderboghdasi*, which means wonder-corn or grain.

☞ A DECISION ON MANNERS.—The Paris correspondent of the London Star says that the Jockey Club, before whose decrees the fashionable world bend, have decided that the English custom of shaking hands is henceforth to be considered the correct thing; and furthermore, in order to protect ladies from the annoyance of having to return the bows of any man who may choose to take off his hat to them in public, the English fashion is to be adopted of ladies bowing first.

☞ A monument recently erected to the memory of Henry Harris, of Williamsport, Pa., is that of a colt in the act of kicking him in the bowels. The following is the inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Henry Harris, born June 27th, 1831, of Henry Harris, and Jane his wife. Died on the fourth of May, 1837, by the kick of a colt in the bowels, peaceable and quiet, a friend to his father and mother, and respected by all who knew him, and went to the world where horses won't kick, where sorrow and weeping is no more."

☞ The discussion on grapes at the late meeting of the Ohio Pomological Society at Toledo, among other things introduced the question as to the soil on which the best quality of grapes were grown. There seemed to be but one opinion, and that was that a strong, clayey soil, or one of loamy clay with a limestone or even slaty clay subsoil produced grapes much heavier in must, and therefore of better quality, than any variety of sand or alluvial deposit. In all cases, however, under drainage was spoken of as necessary to success in grape-growing.—*Ohio Farmer.*

☞ "How far is it to Taunton?" asked a countryman, who was walking exactly the wrong way to reach that town. "'Bout twenty-four thousand miles," said the lad he asked, "if you go the way you are going now; about a mile if you turn round."

☞ A few days ago an Englishman came in to a grocery to make a few purchases, but was not suited with prices, so he broke out with:—"What a bloody country! I could get more for twopence heme, than I can 'ere for 'aff a crown." "Why the deuce didn't you stay at 'ome?" said the angry groceryman, "I'll tell you," replied John Bull, "I couldn't get the twopence."

The Words We Use.

Be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry. Let home be a home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality; and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness, you lose in honest expression of your meaning: and, in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability. The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superiors, speak no finer. Be what you say, and, within the rules of prudence, say what you are. Avoid all oddity of expression. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words, or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on the common air. When I hear a person use a queer expression, or pronounce a name in reading differently from his neighbor, the habit always goes down, minus sign before: it stands on the side of deficit, not of credit. Avoid, likewise, all slang words. There is no greater nuisance in society than a talker of slang. It is only fit (when innocent, which it seldom is) for raw school boys and one-term freshmen to astonish their sisters with. Talk as sensible men talk: use the easiest words, in their commonest meaning. Let the sense conveyed, not the vehicle in which it is conveyed, be the subject of attention.

Once more, avoid in conversation all singularity of accuracy. One of the bores of society is the talker who is always setting you right; who, when you report from the paper that 10,000 men fell in some battle, tells you that it was 9,900; who, when you describe your walk as two miles out and back, assures you that it lacked half a furlong of it. Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail, but in conveying a right impression; and there are vague ways of speaking that are truer than strict fact would be. When the Psalmist said, "Rivers of water run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy law," he did not state the fact, but he stated a truth deeper than fact, and also truer. —*Dean Alford.*

A Wife or a Life.

Scott of Harden, one of the ancestors of Walter Scott, was a famous border thief, and at one time, when he had either spoiled the neighboring English of all their cattle, or had frightened them all away, he began to fear that from disuse he might become less expert at the honorable trade he pursued; and to keep his hand in, amused himself with driving the cattle of one of his own countrymen and neighbors, Murray of Elibank. Murray soon found means of avenging himself, and brought Scott, his followers, his cattle, &c., all prisoners to Eliband Castle. On the walls was sitting his wife, who, perceiving the train that followed him, asked what he meant to do with Scott. "Why hang him, to be sure," was the answer. The more prudent wife exclaimed, "What! hang such a winsome mannie as Harden when we have three such sorry damsels at home?" Murray was persuaded by his wife, and sending for one of his daughters, whose ugly face and immense mouth had acquired her the name of Mag o'mouth Murray, proposed to Scott to marry her, leaving him no other alternative but a halter. The unfortunate prisoner most ungallantly refused the lady; and the tradition says that it was not till the rope was tied to the tree, and he began to feel it tighten, that he repented. He was married, and sorrowfully bent his steps homewards, taking with him his ugly wife.

☞ A gentleman informs us, and we have no reason to doubt his veracity, that ten years ago he bought a piece of enameled cloth for a table cover, on which there was at that time, and had been ever since, a small bunch, apparently in the make of the cloth. A day or two since a child of his scraped with a knife the bunch, when out crawled a *bed bug*, as lively and happy as ever.

☞ The income of the four Rothschilds of Europe is estimated at $6,000,000, a year.

☞ The Brussels Sanitary Congress determined the maximum quantity of *solid matter* which good drinking-water might contain at forty-nine grains and a half per gallon, of which *not more than one* grain should be organic. The temperature should be about 10 deg. less than the surrounding air, and not less than 30 deg. below that of the human body. It should be free from taste except the natural saline one, and free from impurities.

☞ A bachelor of thirty-seven years standing has been fined ten dollars in Canada, not for playfully kissing a neighbor's wife, but for afterwards telling of it. Served him right!

☞ The following dialogue between hostile pickets is decidedly good:—Yank.—"You fellows are awful ragged, but I swow you all fight like gitout." Reb.—"Ragged! fight! I reckon we do. But you just wait till we get naked—that's all."

☞ The burning of the Cathedral at Santiago, Chili, has taught its inhabitants a lesson. A firm in Boston has sent there a hand-engine, two hose-carriages, and 2,200 feet of hose, and are about supplying an order for two more carriages.

☞ The Grass-Valley National, of California, mentions the discovery, in its vicinity, of a bee-tree with a large bee-hive, honey, and bees all petrified. The remaining portion of the tree in which the hive was found is two and a half feet in diameter, and about forty feet long. It was found seventy-five feet beneath the surface of the earth.

☞ Professor Caswell, of Brown University, denies the story which has started on its travels, that a comet is nearing our sphere, with a tail of ponderous length. He says there is no such comet anywhere in our system at the present time.

☞ KEROSENE LAMP WICKS.—A correspondent says: "In the present price of kerosene lamp wicks, people can make a better wick than they buy by taking cotton flannel, of which all have pieces, and folding it up three thicknesses, just wide enough to go into the tube, and catching the edge with coarse stitches."

LATEST NEWS.

Of the movement on Richmond by Ord's and Birney's corps we have some further details. Our loss in general and field officers has been severe. On the 29th Gregg's cavalry moved out in front of Warren's position and captured the outworks of the enemy on the extreme right. Gregg afterwards had a severe fight at Tenley House and captured about three hundred prisoners. General Meade moved at the same time in the direction of Poplar Church, and gained important positions. Gregg's cavalry was heavily engaged with the rebels on Friday, having gone on a reconnoissance in the direction of the South Side Railroad. Gen. Kautz is reported to have cut his way through the fortifications to Rocketts, which is very close to Richmond.

Gen. Sheridan sent an official dispatch to the War Department from Harrisonburg on Thursday evening. He pursued Early so closely through New Market that the rebel general gave up the valley and took to the mountains. The pursuit was kept up to Port Republic, and 75 wagons and four caissons were destroyed. Gen. Torbert was sent to Staunton, which he entered on the 26th, and destroyed a large amount of property. He then proceeded to Waynesboro, destroying the iron bridge over the south branch of the Shenandoah, seven miles of track and other property. Finding the tunnel well defended he retired via Staunton. Early is supposed to have gone to Charlottesville. His army is believed to be completely broken up. The destruction of grain and forage has been a terrible blow to the rebels. A Washington dispatch states that it is believed that Longstreet is in command in the Shenandoah valley.

The rebel raid in Missouri now appears to be for obtaining supplies, and conscripting citizens. By returned prisoners the force is estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000, and is supposed to be only Shelby's and Marmaduke's commands. Nothing is known of Price's army. The rebels are all mounted, and their horses are all in the very best condition. The inhabitants of the southwestern part of the state are fleeing to St. Louis, and a great many have already arrived there. Our forces are being rapidly reinforced.

Gen. Sully had another battle with 5,000 Indians about the 21st ult., and defeated them. Capt. Fisk's Idaho train had been attacked by the Indians.

☞ An Englishman employed at the Cutlery Works at Shelburne Falls, recently drew (for a wager) another man, weighing 160 pounds, in a sulkey, a distance of eight miles in three hours. At the end of the route he fell senseless.

☞ A retired sportsman in Paris has opened a store for the sale of game to the French cockneys who go out to shoot but can hit nothing.

☞ Jennie June, in her recent "Talks on Women's Topics," says that in almost every instance where a man marries a sensible woman, it is after he has met with a severe disappointment in not marrying a fool.

☞ An astronomer at Munich has predicted the appearance of a comet next year, which is to approach our earth so nearly as to convert us all into ashes and smoke. For 1832, a French seer prophesied a similar catastrophe; and such hold did the prediction take on the public mind, that the Professors of the Observatory officially repudiated the calculations on which it was based.

☞ If an ugly old woman quarrels with us, it is easy to shake hands and forget. If a young and pretty one, to kiss and forgive.

☞ Every man is involuntarily orginal in at least one thing—his manner of sneezing.

☞ Surgeon General Barnes has issued an order to the superintendents of hospitals, directing them to permit soldiers able to travel and yet unfit for duty to visit their homes and remain until after the Presidential election.

☞ A lady has computed that if the women of America would dispense with the extra twelve inch tail piece to their dresses, a saving of $1,000,000 would be effected.

☞ George William Curtis, at the Brown University celebration, not long ago, assured the "honored brethren and regular graduates" that they were "the children of a prolonged Brown study."

☞ An old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

☞ The Boston Transcript learns that Mrs. General Lander, formerly Miss J. M. Davenport, the accomplished and well-known actress, has decided to resume her profession next November.

☞ In Portland there is a match factory that will this year pay an internal revenue tax of $240,000.

☞ Crinoline has been abolished at the opera in Paris under penalty of fine.

☞ Count Nesselrode, of Russia, when asked what had prolonged his life, replied: "Music and flowers." The late Duke of Wellington was one of the most constant supporters of the opera.

☞ A young lady should take heed when an admirer bends low before her. The bent beau is dangerous.

☞ It is a curious propensity in most dogs to howl at the moon, especially when shining the brightest. In the same manner, it may be observed, that any eminent person who is striving to enlighten the world is sure to be assailed by the furious clamor and abuse of the bigoted and envious. This is a thing disgusting in itself—as the howling of dogs is an unpleasant sound;—but still it is a sign and accompaniment of a man's success in doing service to the public. And if he is truly a wise man, he will take no more notice of it than the moon does of the howling of the dogs. Her only answer to them is, to shine on.

☞ "Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage looking person. "That's not true," said a young lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three night's sleep."

☞ An exchange, commenting on the fact that a number of Cincinnati young ladies have been married and carried away to other places, says no city has a better claim to supply *spare ribs* for the immense West.

☞ John Milton's house in Barbican, London, which is being demolished, was occupied by a dyer named Heaven, who has placarded the premises thus: "Removal of Heaven, the premises being required for the Metropolitan railway."

☞ Franklin was once asked, "What is the use of your discovery of atmospheric electricity?" The philosopher answered the question by another, "What is the use of a new-born infant?"

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

My wife had left her home to seek,
The glow I worshipped in her cheek,
Like Persian old; my sky had paled;—
A letter every day I mailed,
And often said, in cheerful vein,
"The baby slept all night again."

All hallowed by her tears and prayers
He stayed with me, it lessened cares.
If he, the nestling, slept, I knew
My dove would slumber sweetly too;
And so I wrote her now and then
"The baby slept all night again."

One morn he languished at my side,
Death-sick, and with the day he died,
And day with him. It was my will
That she I loved be happy still,
So wrote I in my wonted strain,
"The baby slept all night again."

But when, in turn, she fondly wrote,
Her pet names using in her note,
With artless talk about the bed
Of him who slept so cold and dead,
I sat the bitter truth to pen,
"He sleeps to wake no more again."

And when upon my breast she lay,
And sobbed her precious bloom away,
And grief met grief, while of the dead
We thought, within his narrow bed,
I said, and saw it eased her pain,
"He wakes, to sleep no more again."

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XLIV.

THE EVENING OF THE BLOW.

It was the peculiarity of Miss Bettina Davenal, to be more especially deaf when suddenly surprised or annoyed. Possibly it is the same with most deaf people. Sara Davenal stood before her in her drawing-room striving to make her comprehend the state of affairs relating to the Great Wheal Bang; and not at first successfully. Miss Bettina had not understood why Mrs. Cray had driven round in hurried agitation that morning and carried off Sara by storm; Caroline would not explain why, and Sara could not. Sara had returned home now, willing to afford every explanation; indeed believing it to be her duty so to do; but Miss Bettina, offended at the morning's slight, was keeping her heart closed, and when *that* was shut, the ears would not open.

"*What* d'you say? You went up to the offices? I should like to know what took you and Caroline to the offices? Young ladies don't want to go to such places."

"She went to try to see Mark, aunt."

"Ugh!" growled Miss Bettina. "Mark told her, indeed! If Mark Cray told her to go down the mine amidst the lead, she'd do it. Doesn't he see enough of her at home?"

"She went to try to see Mark, Aunt Bettina," repeated Sara, more slowly. "I—I am afraid they are ruined."

"Serve them right," returned Miss Bettina, catching the last word, but attaching no importance to it.

"Some news has come up from Wales, from the mine; very disastrous news. Caroline says a Mr. Brackenbury called in Grosvenor Place last night—"

"Mr. Who?"

"Mr. Brackenbury. She did not know then why he called, but Mr. Oswald Cray has now told her that he brought the first news of it to Mark. It had come up to him by telegram."

Miss Bettina Davenal bent her ear.

"He came up by telegram! What do you mean by that? Have they got a new invention that brings up people, pray? Why are you not more careful how you speak, Miss Sara Davenal?"

"I said the news came up by telegram, aunt. It came to Mr. Brackenbury; and that's why he called on Mark last night. At least, so Mr. Oswald Cray told Caroline. Caroline had been surprised or annoyed at his visit; she did not understand it; and she mentioned it to Mr. Oswald Cray."

Miss Bettina lifted her hands helplessly.

"What's any Mr. Brackenbury to me?—or Oswald Cray either? I want to know why Caroline took you to those offices to-day?"

"I am trying to tell you, aunt," said poor Sara. "Mark went up to the offices early this morning, before Caroline was awake; he came home again about eleven, saying he had forgotten something, but Caroline thought his manner absent and strange. He left again; and, soon after, the house was invaded by quite a crowd of men, gentlemen, demanding to see him—"

"Had they got an organ with them?"

Miss Bettina's interruption took Sara rather aback.

"An organ, aunt? I don't know what you mean."

"Not know what I mean!" was the wrathful answer. "Crowds don't collect round houses unless there's a cause; organ's or monkeys, or some such nonsense. What did they collect there for?"

Sara bent her head lower and strove to speak with even more distinctness.

"It was a crowd of gentlemen, aunt; gentlemen from the city; though perhaps I ought not to have said a crowd, but it was what Caroline called it to me. They came down in handsome cabs, she said, and they were fierce in their demands to see Mark, and they'd hardly go away again, and they said the mine was ruined. Caroline was alarmed, and she went up herself to try to see Mark, but she did not like to go alone, and came round for me."

The words were as a hopeless jumble in Miss Bettina's ear; their sense nowhere.

"I wish you'd be clear," she said, tartly. "If you want to tell me a thing, tell it in a straightforward manner. Why do you mix up crowds and organs with it?"

"Dear aunt, I never said a word about an organ. The—mine—is—ruined," she added, almost out of heart with her task.

"What's ruined?" shrieked Miss Bettina.

"The mine. The Great Wheal Bang."

Miss Bettina heard this time. She had lived in expectation of the news ever since the Great Wheal Bang first jumped into existence. Nevertheless it startled her; and an expression of dismay sat on her refined features, as she turned them on Sara with a questioning gaze.

"I believe the water has got in. They say it is utter ruin. And Mark Cray can't be found."

"What has Mark Cray found?"

"*He* can't be found, aunt. He was not at the offices when we got there, and the shareholders—as I suppose the people were—attacked the carriage: some of them have sunk a great deal of money in the mine. There was no real danger, of course; but Mr. Oswald Cray got us out of it."

Miss Bettina stared hopelessly.

"Oswald Cray got you out of the mine! What *are* you talking of?"

"Out of the carriage, aunt; not out of the mine. That's in Wales."

"Do you suppose I thought it was in London?" retorted offended Miss Bettina. "You'll be obligingly informing me what my own name is, next. Where *is* Mark Cray?"

"No one seems to know. His wife does not; except that he said to her he might have to go down to Wales this evening, and she was not to mention it. She is in great uncertainty and distress. Aunt, you never saw such a commotion as the street was in. Oswald Cray said—"

"What did he say?" asked Miss Bettina, for she had really caught the words, but Sara had stopped suddenly.

"Well, one does not like to blame the absent, and there's no knowing what urgent business may have called Mark away: but Oswald Cray says he ought to have stayed, at all risks, and faced the shareholders."

"No," dissented Miss Bettina, "Mark Cray would rather run from a danger than face it. Those vacillating men are always cowards. Will the company be quite broken up?"

"I should think it is broken up already," observed Sara. "Where's the use of it, now that the mine's full of water? I heard one man make use of the expression that it was 'drowned.'"

"Who's drowned?" exclaimed Miss Bettina, lifting her head in some alarm. "The shareholders?"

"The mine, aunt."

"The mine drowned! What has drowned it?"

"I thought I told you, aunt. There has been an irruption of water; an—irruption—of—water: the mine is overflowing with it."

"Then it's not the company that has smashed!" exclaimed Miss Bettina.

"No, it is the mine."

"Tell me about it."

It was what Sara had been trying to do all along. By dint of trouble and patience she contrived at last to impart to her aunt a general summary of the state of affairs; and after the truth had dawned on Miss Bettina and she had in some degree digested it, her sense of hearing grew clearer. It was invariably the case; she never could hear when at all perplexed.

"What does Caroline say to it?" were her first words.

"She is as frightened as a child. I fear she will not be a good one to bear her misfortunes. I went home with her and remained some time; it was that made me so late. When I came away she was growing very angry with Mark; she says he ought to have told her of it this morning."

"And so she ought," said Miss Bettina. "Ah! I never cordially approved that match for Caroline, and the doctor knew it." She'll see what he's made of now. You say you came in contact with the shareholders: what did they say?"

Sara hesitated.

"They were saying very disagreeable things, Aunt Bettina."

"That's not telling me what they said."

"They talked of deceit and—and swindling. They seem dreadfully bitter against Mark Cray."

"Dreadfully what against him?"

"Bitter."

"Oh," said Miss Bettina. "Mark Cray's a fool in more ways than one; but they should blame themselves, not him. Mark told them the mine was of gold, I daresay; but it was their fault if they believed it. A man might come to me and say, if you will give me a ten-pound note I'll bring it you back to-morrow doubled, and if I fell into the trap I ought not to turn my anger on him. Mark Cray *believed* in the mine: those schemers are so sanguine."

Sara bent her head until her lips almost touched her aunt's ear, and lowered her voice to a cautious tone: but somehow it was terribly distinct to Miss Bettina.

"Aunt, I fear it is not quite so straightforward as you think. There was an irruption of water in the summer, a slight one, I fancy, and Mark and Mr. Barker concealed it. It is this which makes the shareholders so angry, and they say—they say they can prosecute him for it."

"Who said this?" asked Miss Bettina, after a pause.

"I can hardly tell who. We heard a great deal of talking altogether. One gentleman came up to Mr. Oswald Cray as he was taking us to the carriage again, and asked him if he was not Mark's brother. Oswald replied that he was Mark's half-brother; and then the gentleman said harsh things, and Oswald could not stop him, and could not get us by."

Miss Bettina poured forth question upon question. Incensed as she had been against Mark Cray and his wife for the past months, much as she had blamed their folly, sharp as were her prophecies of the final results, perhaps this was worse than she had bargained for. She had looked for ruin, but not for criminal disgrace.

"And Mark can't be found, you say?" she asked, her tone a shrill one.

"No."

She sat down to the dinner-table, for the day had gone on to evening, dispatching Neal for a fly while she ate a bit, and then she went out, taking Sara. "Grosvenor Place," she said to Neal. And that observant domestic knew by the compressed lips, the clasped hands, the rigid head, how inwardly flurried was his mistress.

They found Caroline in a state of emotion, bordering upon hysteria. Fear, anger, perplexity, and despair, succeeding each other so rapidly that her mood may have been said to savor of the whole at once. Poor Caroline Cray knew nothing of either endurance or reticence; her anger against Mark was great at the present moment, and she gave way to it loudly.

"Where is he?" was the first pointed question of Miss Davenal.

"I don't know where he is. He might have trusted me. It's *not* his fault if the water has come into the mine, and he had no cause to go away; but if he had gone, he might have taken me. Barker has been down here in a dreadful passion, and says Mark was not a good fellow to steal a march on him and leave him alone all day to fight the battle with the shareholders. A hundred people, about, have been here after Mark, and it's a shame that I should be left to hear all the remarks."

"Is Oswald Cray with you?" asked Miss Bettina.

"Oh, my goodness, I don't suppose *he'll* come here again," returned poor Caroline, half beside herself. "I thought him cold and queer in his manner to-day. Barker says he is vexed at losing his thousand pounds; and that Mark got two hundred more from him last night after he knew the mine had gone. Oswald said nothing to me, but of course he is incensed at it."

Miss Davenal had been listening with her hand to her ear, and she heard pretty well.

"Do you know the particulars of the calamity?" she asked. "Is the mine irretrievably ruined?"

"I don't know anything, except that I'm fit to go mad," she answered, beginning to sob like a petulant child.

In that one first moment of the blow, Miss Davenal was generous enough to spare reproaches for all the folly of the past, though she had plenty at her tongue's end. She had not sat down since she entered; she had stood rigid and upright; and when she went out to the fly she ordered it to Mr. Oswald Cray's.

"Tell the man to drive quickly," said Miss Bettina to Neal. "What do you say, Sara? Let you stop with Caroline? Caroline wants neither you nor me; I can see that. There 'll be trouble over this."

Mrs. Cray had not chosen an inapt word when she said Oswald must be incensed against Mark. It was precisely Oswald's present state of feeling. He saw that the thousand pounds had been nothing but a stop-gap; not drawn from him for his own good and benefit, as Mark so largely boasted, but for Mark's own necessities. And as to the two hundred pounds of the previous night, the money of the firm—Oswald did boil over at the thought of that. Oh, why could not Mark have been upright and open! why could he not have gone to Oswald with the truth upon his lip, and said, Let me have this two hundred pounds in my dire necessity, and I will repay you when I can. Oswald was not the brother to refuse him.

Oswald had had a battle with himself. When he returned home after that scene in the city, feeling that his money, the twelve hundred pounds, was irretrievably lost, he sat down and thought. Should he cancel the offer made to Frank Allister to go out to Spain, and take the appointment himself, as at first intended? Was he justified in foregoing it, under this unexpected loss? The same consideration swayed him now as previously; his own interest, versus Frank's health, perhaps life; but how weighty a balance was now thrown into his own scale.

If ever Oswald had need of a better guidance than his own, he had need now. He was conscious of it. Perhaps of his own self he could not have yielded to do the right; to do as he believed would be right in the sight of God. He had many failings, as we all have; and his pride often stood in his way; but he had one great and good gift—a conscience that was ever prompting him on the upward way.

"No, I will not hesitate," he said to himself. "The necessity for Allister's going remains the same, and he shall go. I must over-get this other loss as I best can, though it may be years first; but I'll not set my own interest against Allister's life."

And so Frank Allister and his sister received no countermand, and they proceeded to Mr. Oswald Cray's that evening, to talk over arrangements, as it had been decided they should; and they never knew the sacrifice that had been made for them, or had the least suspicion that Mr. Oswald Cray had yielded up the appointment.

When Miss Davenal and Sara arrived, Mrs. Benn received them. That errant husband of hers, and valued servant of the firm, was out again. This was *not* Mrs. Benn's cleaning day; but any little extra duty, though it was but the receiving a visitor at unusual hours, put her out excessively; and it was not usual for a levee of ladies to attend the house in an evening. She appeared at the door with the ordinary crusty face and a candle in her hand.

"Is Mr. Oswald Cray at home?" was Neal's demand.

"Yes he is," returned Mrs. Benn, speaking as if somebody had injured her very much indeed.

Neal stepped back to the fly, and opened the door for the ladies to alight. Mrs. Benn stared at the proceedings with all her eyes.

"Well, if this don't bang everything!" she ejaculated, partly to herself, partly to the street. "If he was agoing to have a party to-night, he might have told me, I think. And that there Benn! to go out, and never light the hall lamp first! It cracks my arms to do it: a nasty high, awk'ard thing. Will he be for ordering tea for 'em, I wonder? when there ain't nothing but a hot loaf in the house, and one pat o'but—"

"Show me to Mr. Oswald Cray's private rooms," came the interrupting voice of Miss Davenal as she entered.

"This way," returned sulky Mrs. Benn, "there's one of 'em there already."

The one of 'em there must have applied to the assumed evening party, for in the sitting-room sat Jane Allister. Her bonnet was off; her shawl was unpinned; her fair face was serene and contented as one in her own home. Miss Davenal bowed stiffly in her surprise; and the rebellious jealousy rose up in Sara's heart.

"Is Mr. Oswald Cray not here?" asked Miss Davenal, halting on the threshold.

Jane Allister came forward with her good and candid face; and Miss Davenal's reserved tone relaxed. "Mr. Oswald Cray is down stairs with my brother and another gentleman. They are settling some business together; I don't think they will be long."

Miss Davenal did not hear, but Sara repeated the words to her. They sat down; and Miss Allister finding the elder lady was deaf, took her seat by Sara.

"I had once the pleasure of seeing you in an omnibus, I think," she said, with the open freedom that in her was so pleasing. "You wanted to be put down at Essex Street in the Strand."

Sara bowed her head. She remembered too well the day and all that was connected with it. "I think," she said, "you are Miss Allister?"

"Yes, I am Jean Allister. I came here to-night to settle particulars about our Spanish journey," she added, as if in apology for being found there. "I am going to live in Spain."

Sara heard it as one in a dream. Oswald Cray was going to Spain for a lengthened residence: he had told her so when she was in that room a fortnight ago. If Jean Allister was going with him, why then it must be that they were to be married immediately.

Her face flushed; her brow grew moist. In a sort of desperation, in her eager wish to know the worst at once, she turned to Jean Allister.

"Are you going with Mr. Oswald Cray?"

"I am going with my brother."

"With—your—brother! And *not* with Mr. Oswald Cray?"

"No, surely not. How could I go with Mr. Oswald Cray? It would not be proper," she simply added.

"I—I thought—I meant as his wife," said poor Sara, all confused in her heart-sickness. "I beg your pardon."

"As his wife!—Mr. Oswald Cray's! Nay, but that is an unlikely thing to fancy. I am not suitable to Mr. Oswald Cray. Do you know him?"

"Oh yes."

"Then you might have been sure he'd not cast his thoughts to a plain body like me. Why should he? I am not his equal in position. He has been a brother to Frank, and I reverence him beyond any one I know, as a good and true friend. That's all."

Why did her heart give a great bound as of hope at the words, when she knew—when she *knew* that he was lost to her? Oswald Cray came bounding up the stairs, but a mist had gathered before Sara's eyes, and she saw nothing clearly.

"Frank is waiting for you, Jean. He will not come up stairs again."

"Does he know about everything?"

"Everything, I think. We have discussed it all, and he will tell you. But he is coming again in the morning."

Oswald had spoken as he shook hands with Miss Davenal. Another moment and they were alone together: the young Scotch lady had left the room.

"Mr. Oswald Cray, you must tell me all you know of this unhappy business, from beginning to end," said Miss Davenal. "I have come to you for the information, and I beg you to conceal nothing. Is Mark Cray in danger?"

Oswald scarcely knew in what sense to take the word. He hesitated as he looked at Miss Davenal.

"He is your half-brother, he is my nephew by marriage," she said; "but he is a rogue, and a disgrace to both of us, if what I hear be true. Surely we may speak freely of him one to the other! Can he be arrested for anything worse than debt? I believe he can: by you, if by no one else."

"So far as I know, there is no one else," replied Oswald. "Of course he is safe for me: he is my father's son."

"And how has all this come about? Let me hear the whole of it; the best and the worst. His wife professes to know nothing, and it was of no use my asking her. The water has got into the mine."

"It is said to be overflowing it; but particulars are not ascertained yet. Has Mark Cray been heard of?"

"Tell it to Sara," said Miss Davenal, drawing up her bent head. "I don't hear quite all. She will repeat it to me at home."

It was a confession of deafness that perhaps had never been heard before from Miss Davenal. Oswald turned to Sara, and gravely related what he knew. It was not much more than Sara had known before, and he suppressed the account of Mark's treachery towards himself. But Miss Davenal, who, if she could not hear, could put questions, particularly pressed him on these points.

"They talk of ruin," observed Sara. "Is a mine necessarily ruined—rendered good for nothing—by the irruption of water into it?"

"Not necessarily so. But, to get the water out, generally involves a great cost of time and money. In this case, by what we can hear, the irruption appears to be unusually great, and there are no funds to meet it."

"And you think it is certainly ruin?"

"Utter ruin to Mark Cray. Partial ruin to some of the shareholders."

A half cry escaped Sara's lips. "What will Caroline do?—what will become of her?"

"Become of her!" shrilly echoed Miss Davenal, whose ear had been again bent. "She and Mark should have thought of that before. I wonder what he'd give to have his good practice at Hallingham back again now!"

There was nothing to remain for: Oswald was almost as much in the dark as they were: but he promised to pay a visit to Miss Davenal as soon as he had learnt more. He took her out to the fly upon his arm, placed her in it, and turned to Sara.

"The last time I saw you I had a journey in my head," he said in a low tone: "I told you I was going to Spain."

"Yes?"

"I am not going now. I have given up the idea. We shall send out a gentleman instead; my friend, Frank Allister. Good night; good night, Miss Davenal."

Severely upright in the carriage sat Miss Davenal, her countenance one picture of condemnation for the absent Mark. Only once did she open her lips to Sara opposite to her, and that was as the carriage turned out of the glare and gas of the more populous streets to the quiet one which contained their home.

"What would your brother Edward say to this, were he at home?"

What would he say to something else? As the carriage drew up to the door, a female figure was slowly pacing before it, as if in waiting. And Sara shrank into the remotest corner of the carriage with a shiver of dread, for she recognized her for the stranger, Catherine Wentworth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SNAKES USED AS WATCH DOGS.—Sir Emerson Tennent, in his works on Ceylon, mentions a communication he received from a gentleman well known in Ceylon, regarding the cobra, the great snake of India: "Did you ever hear of tame cobras being kept and domesticated about a house, going in and out at pleasure, and in common with the rest of the inmates? In our family, near Negombo, cobras are kept as protectors in the place of dogs by a wealthy man, who has always large sums of money in his house. But this is not a solitary case of the kind. I heard it only the other day, but from undoubtedly good authority. The snakes glide about the house, a terror to thieves, but never attempting to hurt the inmates."

☞ "Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" inquired Dr. Whately. A physiologist replied, "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Bosh," replied His Grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

The Complaint of a Young Wife.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

Her laboring hands the meal must knead,
Her busy toil must bake the bread;
The priest may read his records o'er,
The lord and master take the air;
But there is nought but grievous care
And heavy labor for the poor.

"As from the rock the mad cascade
Falls—so did I, a thoughtless maid,
Wed, when it had been well to tarry;
Oh! could I be a maid again,
That man must be a man of men
Who would induce the maid to marry."

The Pneumatic Railroad in the Grounds of the Crystal Palace, London.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

Some time ago we gave an engraving of the Pneumatic railway for the *forwarding* of goods; now the same idea has been extended to the transportation of passengers. Our engraving represents a model railway now in operation in London. It is about six hundred yards, or over a third of a mile long.

A brick tunnel, about 10 ft. high by 9 ft. wide, and capable of admitting the largest carriages used on the Great Western Railway, has been laid with a single line of rails, fitted with opening and closing valves at each extremity, and supplied with all other apparatus for propelling passenger-trains on this principle, by a strong draught of air behind the train when it travels in one direction, and pumping away the air in front of it when it travels the other way. The motive power is supplied by this contrivance:—At the departure-station a large fan-wheel, with an iron disc, concave in surface and 22 ft. in diameter, is made to revolve, by the aid of a small stationary engine, at such speed as may be required, the pressure of the air increasing, of course, according to the rapidity of the revolutions, and thus generating the force necessary to send the heavy carriage up a steeper incline than is to be found upon any existing railway. The disc gyrates in an iron case resembling that of a huge paddle-wheel; and from its broad periphery the particles of air stream off in strong currents. When driving the air into the upper end of the tunnel to propel the down-train, fresh quantities rush to the surface of the disc to supply the partial vacuum thus created; and, on the other hand, when the disc is exhausting the air in the tunnel with the view of drawing back the up-train, the air rushes out in a perfect hurricane from the escape valves of the disc case. When the down journey is to be performed, the breaks are taken off the wheels, and the carriage moves by its own momentum into the mouth of the tube, passing in its course over a deep air-well in the floor, covered with an iron grating. Up this opening a gust of wind is sent by the disc, when a valve, formed by a pair of iron doors, hung like lock-gates, immediately closes firmly over the entrance of the tunnel, confining the *increasing atmospheric pressure between* the valve and the rear of the carriage. The force being thus brought to bear upon the end of the train, the latter, shut up within the tube, glides smoothly along towards its destination, the revolving disc keeping up the motive power until it reaches the steep incline, whence its own momentum again suffices to carry it the rest of the distance. The return journey, on the contrary, is effected by the aid of the exhausting process. At a given signal a valve is opened, and the disc-wheel set to work in withdrawing the air from the tube. Near the upper end of the tube there is a large aperture, or side-vault, which forms the throat through which the air is exhaled, the iron doors at the upper terminus still being kept shut. In a second or two the train posted at the lower terminus, yielding to the exhausting process going on in its front, and urged by the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere from behind, moves off on its upward journey, and, rapidly ascending the incline, approaches the iron gates, which fly open to receive it, and emerges at once into daylight. Instead of a train being used at Sydenham, there is one very long, roomy, and comfortable carriage, resembling an elongated omnibus, and capable of accommodating some thirty or thirty-five passengers. Passengers enter this carriage at each end, and the entrances are closed with sliding glass-doors. Fixed behind the carriage, there is a framework of the same form, and nearly the same dimensions, as the sectional area of the tunnel, and attached to the outer edge of this frame is a fringe of bristles forming a thick brush. As the carriage moves along through the tunnel the brush comes into close contact with the arched brickwork, so as to prevent the escape of the air. With this elastic collar round it, the carriage forms a close-fitting piston, against which the propulsive force is directed. Although the curve in the tunnel is unusually sharp, being of eight chains radius, and the gradients are as high as one in fifteen (those of Holborn Hill being only one in eighteen), it is surprising that the motion is much steadier and pleasanter than ordinary railway travelling. The journey of six hundred yards is performed either way in about fifty seconds, with an atmospheric pressure of only two ounces and a half to the square inch; but a higher rate of speed, if desirable, can easily be obtained.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.—When I was a young man there lived in our neighborhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure—rather more than would be required of him. One of his friends observing him frequently doing so, questioned him as to why he did it; he told him he gave too much, and said it would be to his disadvantage. Now, dear reader, mark the answer of this excellent man:

"God has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes."

Think of this. There is but one journey through life.

☞ A young minister, in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached, said several times, "The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning a poor woman came to see him, with something in her apron. She said her husband heard his sermon, and thought it was a very fine one; and as he said "the common tailors did not agree with him," he had sent him some of the very best kidneys.

SUNSET AFTER A SHOWER.

Over the hill tops, fold upon fold,
Like blood-stained banners within the sky,
Braided with crimson, and fringed with gold,
In a sea of amber the spent clouds lie.

Down in the valley the slum'brous trees
Droop heavily jeweled with fallen rain;
And a spicy scented, tremulous breeze
In ripples crosses the bended grain.

The winding river like silver gleams
Through dreamy vistas that melt and fade;
And the sunlight, falling in slanting beams,
Strikes deep in the heart of the forest shade.

On distant uplands the lonely pine
Is fringed with purple and bound with fire;
The stones in the church-yard glance and shine;
And the weather-vane is a gilded wire.

The tapering cedar, like a spear,
Starts out of the cliff, where stands revealed
The rocky ledge; and the herd appear
Like spots of color within the field.

And the braided banners of cloud are seen
To fiercer burn, as with sudden shame;
While the vale below and the hills between
Are drowned in a yellow mist of flame.

And the farmer's boy, all aglare with light,
Looks over the cliff where the cedars grow,
And shades with his hand his dazzled sight,
And calls to his comrades down below.

Then the brazen woodlands echo and ring,
And the earth and sky seem to shout with him;
A pearly arch is the hawk's fleet wing;
And the sweltering landscape seems to swim.

On yonder hill side a cottage shines—
The window westward flashes and glows—
It nestles amid its sheltering vines
Of glistening ivy like a rose.

And there in the porch two lovers woo—
Her slender figure his arms enfold;
While two doves in the dove-cot kiss and coo,
And ruffle their necks of green and gold.

THE DRY WELL!

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"The best thing you can do, William, my boy," said my uncle kindly, after bringing his spectacles to bear for the third time upon an open letter which lay on his desk, in our shady little counting-house at Montego Bay, in the island of Jamaica, "the best thing you can do is to close at once with the offer of Marshall Brothers. Theirs is a first-rate firm, and the principals are worth men. You speak Spanish fairly, and the salary—"

"Never mind the salary, sir: I don't like leaving you; and how is the business to go on without the head-clerk?" was my rejoinder. But when my Uncle Roberts announced his intention to retire from business, and go home to end his days in his native country, and at the same time strongly urged on me the propriety of accepting the very handsome offer of Marshall Brothers, the affair was quickly settled; indeed, it would have been absurd on my part to neglect so fair an opportunity of pushing my fortunes in the commercial world. This is how matters stood on that summer's day of the year 1858. I, William Ford, was head-clerk and junior partner to my kind old relative, Samuel Roberts, Esq., J. P. of the parish of Montego, and a merchant. But Mr. Roberts, though liked and respected by everybody, was only a merchant in a very small way; his capital was not sufficient for extensive operations, and his old-fashioned house had been eclipsed and outstripped by wealthier and more pushing firms. For some years, the balance of profits had been exceedingly small, and the old gentleman had often hesitated as to whether he should quit the colony, or wait for better times; and at last had come the offer I had spoken of, and my uncle made his mind up that I should accept it.

A very tempting offer. Marshall Brothers, a house of long standing and great wealth, were known and esteemed through all the West Indies. They had a place of business at Vera Cruz, and another at Tampico, but their chief warehouses and counting-houses were at the inland city of Monterey, where they resided. A very large proportion of the export and import trade of Mexico was in the hands of the firm; and as Marshall Brothers had advanced considerable sums on mortgage to the proprietors of neighboring estates, and had an interest in more than one silver-mine, they found it convenient to live in the interior, instead of remaining on the sea-coast, as foreign residents usually prefer to do. I had met Mr. John Marshall at the Havana, the year before, during a short sojourn which I made in Cuba, for the purpose of conducting a tobacco-speculation in which we had been fortunate; and the great merchant, an old correspondent of my uncle, had been pleased to take a fancy to me, which led to the proffer, "if Mr. Roberts could spare me," of a place of trust, high pay, and a prospective factorship or partnership.

Arrived at Monterey, I saw no reason, at first, to doubt the wisdom of my choice. True, the journey had been rough, but a few hardships mattered little to a healthy young Englishman of twenty-four, whose three years in the Antilles had not robbed his limbs of the elastic strength due to a sound constitution and a boyhood spent in boating and cricket. True, again, the climate was none of the safest; the town is squalid and dirty as towns in New Spain are apt to be; and the province, as customary, in a disturbed condition. But stories of Mexican anarchy and Mexican bandits were sufficiently familiar to my ears; I had outgrown the fear of yellow fever; and was fully disposed to be pleased with my new abode and its hospitable inmates.

I was very well received. Mr. John, the junior of the two wealthy brothers who gave name to the firm, was a bachelor still, at eight-and-fifty; but Mr. Peregrine was married, and had a large grown-up family, all of whose members were agreeable enough in their several ways. Next to the governor's palace, which was falling to ruin, and that of the bishop, which was ugly to a degree, the mansion of Marshall Brothers was certainly the finest in Monterey, though many Ricos had their town-houses in the city. A noble pile it was, though not in accordance with any known style of architecture; but, in truth, the old house had been the residence of some Aztec lord, perhaps a lieutenant of Montezuma; and the gigantic masonry often excited my admiration for the painful industry and adroitness of the poor toiling Indians who had reared those monstrous blocks of porphyry and sienite. Above the parallelogram, nearly perfect, of the original building, the Spanish conquerors had raised a lofty wind-tower, such as the Moors loved to construct, which caught every cool breath of welcome breeze; also they had added a colonnade and massive balconies; and some lavish owner had begun to adorn the front with pilasters of Carrara marble. But this prodigal had died or been recalled to Spain, and only three of these costly ornaments had ever been set up. The rest of the marble, cracked and broken, lay half hidden by mud in the Plaza, or had been burned for lime by the careless townsfolk.

In this huge nondescript house, however, the Marshalls, their servants, and such of their clerks as happened to be English, were lodged comfortably enough. Old Mr. Peregrine—he was the senior of my friend Mr. John by a dozen years or so—had a sort of patriarchal hospitality in his nature, and was glad to see smiling faces, he did not care in what number, around his table. Accordingly, his English clerks were considered as part of his family, so long as they behaved well, and were bidden to consider themselves as in all respects at home beneath their employer's roof. But though there were sufficient suites of unoccupied rooms in the great rambling palace to have accommodated half Lombard street, nothing could induce the head of the firm to harbor any of the Germans, Frenchmen, or Spaniards who drew his pay and did his behests. They, less lucky than ourselves, had to lodge in the town as best they might. "Foreigners," said Mr. Peregrine, "don't understand domesticity. I won't have a member of my household whose heart doesn't warm to the mother-tongue, as mine does."

To that tongue Mr. Peregrine had been very constant, for in forty years spent in Spanish America, I do not think that he had acquired, or chosen to acquire, ten words of any language but his own. Mr. John, on the other hand, was an accomplished linguist; but both the brothers were giants, in a business point of view; and I, accustomed to the petty scale of my uncle's operations, was perfectly startled at first by the grasp and power of mind displayed by my new principals. However, I was lucky enough to give satisfaction to Marshall Brothers, and for a time all went on with almost monotonous smoothness.

The foreign residents in Monterey, a rather scanty colony, lived mostly in each other's society, and were not on very intimate terms with the natives. How, indeed, was it possible to be on a footing of any but formal friendliness with people so utterly opposed to the habits of Western Europe. The bishop was reputed a learned man, but his learning had probably grown rusty, for he was understood to pass most of his time in sleep. Sometimes I saw him pass in his sedan-chair, nodding, with closed eyes, his thin, white hair straggling from under the velvet calotte, and his heavy features as purple as the cassock he wore. In the cathedral, he was supported by two chaplains, and looked well enough for his years; indeed, he was considered a favorable specimen of a Mexican prelate; and only the swarm of greedy-visaged relations, who infested his palace, and squabbled with his servants, were understood to grudge him the existence that he dozed away.

"If we lose him, I daresay we shall get some quarrelsome bigot in his place, and have our peons excommunicated, and the estates thrown out of cultivation, as happened in Don Jose's day. Or the next bishop may choose to fight the battle of church-lands, as is the case this moment at Durango, and melt the convent-plate, to bribe the garrison over to Miramon's standard. A quiet man is the best neighbor for us," said Mr. Peregrine.

As for the governor, the general, the judges, and indeed all the officials, they were, as customary in Mexico, persons of scanty education and indifferent reputation, who owed their places to their vehement partisanship of the faction then in power. Wretchedly paid, they eked out their salaries by bribes, and were obsequious or insolent, according to the character of those from whom they had expectations. The few respectable inhabitants of Monterey—often rich, and well-meaning for the most part—were landed proprietors, timid people, afraid of the soldiery, the populace, and the priests, and whose wives and daughters, save at church, or on the rare occasion of a tertulia, were seldom seen. Thus we foreigners were thrown very much together; and there was no house at which I visited more often, and where I was more anxious to stand well with the inmates, than that of Mr. Stacy. Mr. Stacy was a widower, and his bright-eyed daughter Rose kept house for him.

"Old Stacy is a capital fellow," observed young James Marshall, the only one of our principal's sons who chanced to be at home on my arrival, and who good-naturedly undertook to give me the *carte du pays*—"a capital fellow, and till last year was as cheerful and entertaining as possible, always ready for picnics, cricket-matches, or any fun that might be going. He sang a good second, too, and was the prime favorite with all the children in the place—never tired of playing master of the revels, or Lord of Misrule, as he called it, for them. You find him a little heavy in hand, now, don't you?"

I was obliged to admit that such was the case. It was the daughter, though I did not say so, and not the father, whose society attracted me to the Villa Stacy. I had regarded the banker as merely a gentle, silent person, who was good enough to welcome a countryman in a strange land very kindly indeed, and whose strong affection for his only child was patent to any one. But otherwise, there had seemed nothing about Mr. Stacy which could excite either curiosity or interest.

"You never saw a man so altered in a few months as poor old Stacy," said my young informant, who was himself, as he described it, "rising nineteen," and who looked on a man of forty-nine as a Methuselah. "He never got over the bolting of that confounded clerk—that Etienne Laplace, the Belgian fellow that he trusted so, and who had wormed himself into his employer's secrets, and knew all about his affairs. A smart accountant he was, a great dandy, and quite the gentleman; but he had a passion for gambling, was always at Monte with the worst rogues in Monterey—and we have rogues in Mexico, I can tell you, fellows who would cheat you out of your eye-teeth, if you sat down to play cards or dice with them. Well, this Laplace, who was cashier to Mr. Stacy, lost more than he could pay, robbed his master, and finally levanted with all he could lay his claws upon. They do say that he had tried to win Miss Rose's heart, by way of buying security; and it's likely enough, for he was a vain chap, and thought himself irresistible. However, he was baffled there, and so he went off with the plunder."

In answer to further inquiries young Marshall told me that the loss of the large sum which the runaway had carried off was not the blow which Mr. Stacy had felt the most keenly; but it appeared that the defaulter had taken with him a quantity of valuable papers relating to landed property, mines, and so forth, which had been deposited for safe-keeping in the banker's strong box, the probity of Mr. Stacy being highly esteemed by both foreigners and Mexicans. The unfortunate abstraction of these title-deeds, bonds, and other securities, had struck a severe blow at the credit of the English banker, who was involved in litigation, disputes, and annoyances of all kinds. His high character did not protect him from ugly suspicions; and it was more than hinted that he was an accomplice in the theft by which he was, in truth, the chief sufferer. The English, Americans, and other foreign merchants, for the most part, sturdily maintained their good opinion of their old friend, but the vindictive and suspicious natives were less placable. Mr. Stacy had been harassed by litigation, worried by the authorities, civil and military, and had once narrowly escaped a stab from the dagger of some hireling assassin—a species of agent only too common in Mexico.

"The governor," observed my new comrade, "stuck to the poor old boy like a brick, bore his own loss (which was no trifle, for we do a deal in mines, and Stacy had been buying Carmens for us) without a word of complaint, and has been more civil and cordial to Stacy than ever he had been before, just to show the world how little he believes of the lying reports against his good name. But the way those Mexicans have kept pegging at him—I don't wonder he's getting quite gray and feeble. Such a baiting would age any one."

"And Etienne?" I asked, as we lounged together slowly through the Plaza, now encumbered with stalls and full of market people, copper-skinned Indian women in checked cottons, frying frijoles or slicing monstrous water-melons, to attract the custom of a swarm of ragged children and unwashed leperos; grinning negresses, with orange kerchiefs rolled jauntily about their woolly heads, presiding over stalls where fruit and manioc roots, eggs, cassava, fowls, goats' flesh, and coarse sweetmeats, were jumbled up together; and majestic but shabby hidalgoes, with their striped mantles flung theatrically over the left shoulder, cheapening a dish of beans or a pipkinfull of tortillas. "And Etienne, the runaway clerk—I forget his other name—what became of him?"

"No one knows," answered the youngster, yawning a little, for the subject, though new to me, was stale to him. "He made tracks cleverly, that's clear, for nothing more was ever seen or heard of him. He was known, however, to be on friendly terms with some of the biggest villains in the state—smugglers, highwaymen, forgers, just as opportunity served—and it is supposed that they helped him off to the coast. The only wonder is that he has not written from some safe retreat over sea, and driven a bargain with Stacy for the stolen papers. He had cheek enough for that, and it was what we all expected. Perhaps he died of the fever, or was drowned, or hanged somewhere, and serve him right.—Have another cigarette? I must teach you to roll them, in scented paper, as the Mexicans do. I believe they could carry on the manufacture in their sleep!" And thus the conversation ended.

I think it was about two months later that I made up my mind to tell Rose Stacy that I loved her, and that my dearest, fondest hope was that my love might one day be returned. The forming of this resolution had cost me no slight anxiety, and I had more than once hesitated to speak, so much did I dread failure. A cold averted look, a few words of freezing politeness, perhaps an avowal of pre-engaged affections—how I shrank from the idea that such might be the reception of my addresses, as has happened, I doubt not, to many a better man than William Ford, corresponding clerk to Marshall Brothers. To be sure, Mr. Stacy evidently liked me well enough as an acquaintance, and Rose had, during the first few weeks, appeared to take pleasure in my society, though of late her bright smile had been rarer, and her manner more reserved and distant. To be sure, also, I was my good old uncle's declared heir, and had some small property of my own, so that the disparity in wealth between Rose and myself was not very great. Mr. Stacy, though in comfortable circumstances, was not rich, and my prospects as a favorite of Marshall Brothers were rapidly improving.

All this was very reasonable; but a man of three-and-twenty who is in love in all sincerity, and for the first time, is not apt to reason very steadily. The idea of losing Rose, of being shut out from her presence henceforth, was painful to me, and yet I resolved to speak out like a man, boldly, and to know the best or the worst. If I were rejected, why, I would not stay to annoy her by the sight of me, nor did I choose to linger among the scenes of departed happiness; and I had been very happy for the past two months in Monterey. We had had festas, and sylvan merry-makings, and dancing and music without end, and one grand birth-day fete in the gardens of the castro, as the mansion of Marshall Brothers was called, a fete that realized fairyland more nearly than anything I had ever seen, out of a pantomime. Even now I recall the flashing of those thousands of colored lamps that hung from every tree, the bursts of music, the white dresses of the ladies and children contrasting with the gold globes of the orange groves, nestling among dark-green leaves, the spiked aloes, the blossomed shrubs, the gaudy tropical flowers, the rain of fire that fell from rocket and flaming wheel, as the fountains reddened and glowed in the sparkling shower of tinted atoms of light. How happy I had been that evening, with Rose on my arm, before the dear girl's manner had grown so strangely cold. Come what might, I would learn my fate, and if I found my suit a hopeless one, farewell to Marshall Brothers and sunny Monterey.

"Halte! Quien viva?" called out a harsh voice, coupled with the rattle of a musket as it was brought to the "present," while the gun-lock clicked sharply as the piece was cocked. "Halte, borracho maldito!"

I had been walking on at a great pace, lost in thought, across the moonlight Plaza, in the direction of Mr. Stacy's house; and now, among the flowering creepers that clung in luxuriant profusion to the deep porch of the said villa, suddenly there started forth the threatening apparition of a sentry in the light blue uniform of the Republic, with his bright-barreled musket poised in the attitude of the "present." A brief colloquy ensued between the soldier and myself, and the timely exhibition of a dollar worked wonders. Indeed, when once he saw that I was not the first of a troop of reckless Englishmen, bent on forcing his post for the purpose of effecting a rescue, the man relaxed into almost obsequious good-humor.

"I have the honor to inform your Excellency," said this polite Cerberus, still, however, keeping his piece at the full-cock, and his eye on my movements, "that I have been posted here to guard the house of an Inglese, a banker, *muy rico* who is in trouble. My noble captain, Don Diego Estaban y Valdez, is even now in the house, with a sergeant's guard, on government business. Don Diego is the soul of courtesy, so, if the accused foreigner be your friend, senor, it may be satisfactory to know that he is in good hands. With thanks for your liberality, my lord—"

And while the right hand held the musket fast, the left palm was insinuatingly extended in quest of the coin that glittered between my finger and thumb. Before parting with my dollar, however, I questioned the man, and ascertained that he really did not know of what Mr. Stacy was accused; all he knew was, that a letter with a broad seal had been brought to the governor by a mounted dragoon from Mexico, who had clattered up to the barrack, tollworn and thirsty, and had been glad to wash the dust out of his throat with a deep draught of Paso wine, from one of the soldier's flasks, while he was asking the way to the governor's palace; that the letter with the broad seal had been duly exhibited to an admiring audience, none of whom, perhaps, could read, at the barrack-gate; that finally, on the governor's receiving this letter, he had sent for the noble Captain Diego, and that that distinguished officer had ordered out a party of men of his own company, and had taken possession of the Villa Stacy, where he was busy in putting seals on the safes and cupboards, as a measure of precaution.

It cost me much persuasion, and a sliding-scale of bribery, to induce the sentinel to pass me on to the house, but at last the man muttered that, after all, ten dollars did not come in a poor fellow's way every day, that he should have the wherewithal to amuse himself at cards, even if he were put in prison for the breach of discipline, and, finally, that I might follow my nose to the door.

Fortune favored me; the door was ajar, and in the very first room I entered I found Rose Stacy sobbing as if her heart would break, her fair face buried in her hands. She was alone; but up stairs I could hear the heavy tramp of many feet, and the hum of voices. No doubt, the officer and his party were busy in their search, and among their voices I could distinguish that of Mr. Stacy. My chief interest, of course, was in her I loved.

"Miss Stacy—Rose—what is this? I ought not to intrude thus, but—"

She sprang up with a glad cry, and thanked me for coming to them in their sorrow, and then began to weep again; and it was not without much difficulty that I could draw from her a coherent account of the disaster. It appeared that of all the Mexican proprietors who had suffered loss and inconvenience by the absconding of Mr. Stacy's rascally Belgian clerk, the most vindictive was a rich hacendero, Don Martin Calderon by name. This Martin Calderon had obstinately refused to believe that the banker was anything else than the accomplice of his faithless subordinate; and he had frequently used vague but dark threats of vengeance in case his papers, carried off by Laplace, were not returned to him. By ill-luck the angry man had a relative at Mexico, high in favor with the president; and Mr. Stacy had been denounced at head-quarters as a political conspirator, while it was declared that the robbery of the bonds and title-deeds was merely a part of some nefarious plot of the Ayankiados, or Americanisers, to get possession of the country. No accusation, Rose said, tearfully, was too absurd to meet with credit in that misgoverned land, and especially if the supposed culprit were an Englishman or other heretic. It would be easy for those in power to lodge Mr. Stacy in jail; and long before the affair could come to the notice of the British authorities, and the release of the prisoner be extorted from the prevaricating and unscrupulous government of Mexico, her dear father's health might be quite broken by the hardships and ill-usage inseparable from prison life in that country. The prisons, indeed, were shocking places, the haunts of fever and leprosy, and often crowded with the most dreadful wretches, ruffians over whom the jailers did not care to enforce any restrictions of discipline, and who drank and gamed, and fought duels with the knife, or murdered an obnoxious fellow-prisoner, without any serious interference on the part of the turnkeys. As yet, to be sure, the governor of Monterey had abstained from any extreme severity, and had contented himself with sending an officer and several soldiers to search the house, seal up all papers and money, and keep Mr. Stacy in custody beneath his own roof; and Rose admitted that the officer, a middle-aged gentleman from Old Spain, who had more than once been a guest at Mr. Marshall's table, and was about the only military man in the city who possessed some refinement and education, was doing his awkward duty gently and considerately enough. Don Diego, his search once over, had promised to withdraw the soldiers, only posting two sentries outside the house, front and back, and receiving the owner's parole not to attempt escape.

But the good-natured captain did not disguise the fact that the governor expected to be heavily paid for his forbearance in not at once putting Mr. Stacy in chains and sending him to the Ray Castro, and that unless the great man's good-will were speedily propitiated by weighty bribes the ministerial order would be acted upon with the fullest rigor. What was to be done? Rose knew her father's high principles too well to think that he would buy indulgence by tampering with greedy officials.

"And besides," said the sweet girl, simply, "we are quite poor now. When that wicked man, M. Laplace, carried off the papers, he took something—a mortgage-deed, I think—but I know that my poor dear father is quite ruined by it; only yesterday I heard him groan and say to himself that his child would be beggared, as if I cared for that, or for anything but his grief. But if he should be dragged away from me to that dreadful prison, ill as he is, and these last months have shaken him terribly— Oh, do advise me, pray."

What could I do? It was no time to speak of love, and indeed Rose was so anxious about her father that she seemed to have forgotten that she had learned to treat me with reserve, and she spoke and looked at me frankly and beseechingly, as if I had been a brother. However, I said what I could to comfort her, pledged myself to leave no stone unturned to set matters right, and promised to hurry to Mr. John Marshall, who was much more experienced in matters Mexican than we were. Mr. Peregrine, our chief, was unluckily at Vera Cruz; but Mr. John's influence, though not equal to his brother's, would surely have weight with even the rapacious and ignorant governor.

My leave-taking was cut short by the sound of a heavy tread and the clank of a sabre descending the stairs. Captain Diego and his soldiers were evidently coming down from the upper story, and in a moment more I should be detected. As it was, I pressed Rose's trembling hand, sprang through the open window, and crushed through the magnolias and azalias to where the sentry stood, passed him, to his great relief, I am sure, for I heard him heave a long sigh of satisfaction as I strode on across the Plaza, and made the best of my way to the Castro Marshall.

"I want to see Mr. John at once. Where is he?" I asked of old Domingo, a white-haired mulatto, who acted as butler.

"Quien sabe?" replied the old man, with that provoking drawl which most Creoles, white, black, or brown, are so partial to in Spanish America. But just then up came young James Marshall, my employer's nephew, carrying a little armory of guns, rifles, and hunting-knives, with which he was bound for the nearest gunsmith's shop, to get sundry repairs and alterations executed in hot haste.

"Where's my uncle, do you say, Ford? Why, man, didn't he tell you what was up? Simpson dropped in this evening, on his way back from town to that place of his among the mountains, and told us how nineteen of his young cattle, and two brood-mares, had been torn by panthers within a week. The herdsmen had tracked the brutes—two fine old panthers, and four cubs nearly full grown, according to the claw-marks, and they are hidden in the scrub three miles from the house. So we're all going up, all we English, to settle scores with the panthers, and to have a couple of days' fun with the other game on the estate. Peccary hogs quite thick, they say, and the common boar, and the black bear, and partridge and quail as plenty as sparrows at a barn-door, Simpson says. Get your tackle to rights. I'm off to knock up old Becker, the German gunsmith, and get these locks filed, and the sights altered, and—"

Here I interrupted the young enthusiast's sporting raptures by asking where his uncle really might be found, and by hastily telling him of the misfortune that had befallen our countryman. To do the lad justice, he was ready enough with his sympathy, swore roundly at all things Mexican, wild pigs and spotted partridges excepted; and would, if I had encouraged the rash idea, have been for mustering the youngsters of the foreign colony, and effecting a rescue by a force of arms. But he dashed my hopes of contriving Mr. Stacy's immediate release, by informing me that his uncle, to whom the governor might probably be induced to concede our poor friend's liberty on parole, was absent.

"He's at Simpson's Quinta by this time. What a bore! You see Uncle John's not so young as he was, and he preferred to jog quietly up in Simpson's calesse, with the two spanking mules, and sleep at the house, so as to be fresh for the day's fun, rather than start at daybreak, as we fellows mean to do. However, you'll see him as soon as any of us, for of course you'll join the party; Simpson left a special invitation for you; and no doubt my uncle will get Stacy out of the Mexicans' clutches by hook or by crook. So to-morrow morning we'll all go together."

This was very good advice, I am sure, under the circumstances, but I was too excited, and my nerves were tingling too irritably, for me to accept it. Nothing would serve me but I must have my horse instantly saddled, and must ride up at once to the Quinta. James Marshall vainly tried to dissuade me from a determination which was rash enough, seeing how insecure the roads were in that disturbed country; but at last he saw that I was obstinate.

"A willful man—as Herries used to say—I forget the rest of it," said the good-natured lad, as I mounted. "I say, take this pistol anyhow," thrusting a small revolver into my hand; "and look out for squalls. It's bright moonlight, after all, and the road's tolerable. You know the way—first right, then left, then right again, when you get to the cross and heap of stones where the carrier was murdered. Push smartly on, and you'll get to the Quinta before the moon goes down."

PART II.

I did ride at a brisk pace, but the stony road was long, the first breath of the Northers was beginning to be felt along the shores of the Gulf; and before I got to the cross and heap of stones alluded to, the sky was dark with hurrying clouds, the bright moon only peeped out at rare intervals, and the sighing of the chill night-wind became a shriek, as it swept by in strong gusts. Such being the case, it is not very surprising that I lost my way, rode some leagues before I recognized my mistake, and finally found myself, I knew not where, among the mountains. A flash of lightning, the first warning of the gathering storm, showed me the white walls of a very large building, at the distance of about half a mile, and I headed my horse in that direction. The storm, however, increased, and so did the terror of my steed, a young and high-bred animal, until a more brilliant flash than its predecessors caused the snorting creature to rear and fling, and finally to plunge in a manner which threw me from the saddle upon a tuft of thorny cactus-plants hard by. Off went the frightened nag, tearing madly away with flowing rein and shrill neigh; and I had to pick myself up as best I might, scratched and bruised, and make my way on foot to the hacienda which I had seen. I reached it, guided by the lightning, and groped my way along the high white wall until I reached a gate, thickly studded with the heads of enormous iron nails; here I knocked with the handle of my whip, at the same time calling aloud for admission. It was long, however, before a sort of small wicket, some six inches square, was cautiously opened, and a cracked and very disagreeable female voice demanded in bad Spanish who was there. An English gentleman from Monterey, I said, who had lost his way, and his horse too, and was in need of a night's shelter, and willing, I added, to recompense any kind soul for his or her good offices. All this time I did not clearly know whether I was or was not talking to a servant of some wealthy Mexican family, for the long dead wall of adobe bricks, smeared with whitewash, might cover a palace or a hut, for aught I knew.

"Heretic with the head of a pig, *vaya usted a los infiernos!*" returned the old woman snappishly, and was in the act of slamming the wicket, when a deeper voice, though husky and tremulous with age, said roughly:—"Enough! Marietta, idiot that you are! Let *me* speak to the cavalier. What can we do for your service, gracious sir?"

These last words were uttered in a courteous tone, and by a fresh gleam of lightning I could see the wrinkled face of an old man—a white man, evidently—peering at me from the little wicket. I told my tale; the gate was unbarred, and I was admitted, guided across a vast and ruinous courtyard, skirted on three sides by dilapidated sheds, and ushered into a great kitchen, where a huge brasier of glowing charcoal diffused heat in abundance. A large lamp was lit, and I could see my entertainers. The man, to whom I owed my admission, was taller than most Mexicans, even yet, bowed as he was by age, and must have been exceedingly powerful in his youth. His brown, sinewy hands were still muscular, and his sunken eyes were keen and shrewd, glittering beneath the shaggy white brows; while the wrinkled countenance was that of a person of energy and strong character. He was poorly clad in the rough chocolate-hued garments of a Mexican farmer, with palm-leaf hat, and a red bandana knotted about his neck. As for the old woman, she was merely an ugly Indian crone, with her gray locks half hidden by a gaudy kerchief, a striped skirt, and black boddice, silver earrings, leaden rosary, and a malignant expression in her oblique eyes.

"Pardon me, noble stranger, for receiving you in a place so utterly unworthy of your condition, and forgive the delay that occurred. Our Marietta—my poor wife, your grace—is old, as I am myself, and timid. As for your humble servant, Gil Lopez, at your orders, he has seen enough of men and cities to know the respect due to a gallant foreign count like yourself, ah de mi, yes, yes."

The old man's flow of words seemed inexhaustible, while his manner had that high-flown grace which the Mexicans have borrowed from their ancestors of Castile. He was humble, fulsomely polite; but there was a peculiar self-conscious pride in every inflection of his voice, and his accent was so perfect as to make me ashamed of my sorry Spanish, which, although intelligible, was but clumsily worded. Old Marietta, the Indian, would have kept me out if she could; but as I was within the walls, it seemed to her a matter of course that I should have my supper. Accordingly, she bustled actively about, setting on a great pot of puchero, a pipkin of beans and oil, besides sundry rashers, that fizzed and sputtered on the hot coals, and reached down from the shelves certain platters of pewter and common English earthenware mugs, with "A Present from Hastings" on one of them. Then she produced a long loaf of cudgel shape, made of the yellow maize flower, and some sweet potatoes, cold boiled, thumped down a jug of pulque on the table, and signed to me, ungraciously enough, to fall to.

"Stop, wife—there is nothing fit for the illustrious one to drink!" said the old man, and snatching a key, he hobbled off to some secret crypt, and came back laden with dusty flasks.

"This is Paso; and this is French wine; and this, noble hidalgo, is royal old Madeira, long in bottle, and over which even an archbishop might rejoice. It is wine for the Cid himself."

Very good choice wine the Madeira approved itself; and I was hungry enough to regard the supper prepared for me by old Marietta's tawny hands as a banquet worthy of Apicius. While I ate and drank, the old man talked, and very well; respectfully, yet so as to prove that he spoke truth when he said that he had seen the world. He mentioned many places, not only in Mexico, but in North and South America, where he had been in his youth, when following the fortunes of "his dear master," whose intendant he now was.

"You are an intendant, Senor Gil Lopez? May I ask to whom the property, of whom you are steward, belongs?"

"To the noble and long-descended Don Alasco Guzman, worthy sir," replied the old man promptly. "He is in Europe, at Rome, at Madrid, quien sabe? And I should have ventured to lodge a well-born guest like yourself in his own apartments, so much fitter for your rank than this kitchen, but that the chief suites are kept locked, or rather were kept locked, by my lord's command, until the robbers—" And here the old steward gave a gasping sob, and passed his gnarled hand over his eyes.

With some trouble I elicited from the old servant that his master's mansion, of which he and the aged woman were the sole guardians, had been lately invaded by robbers. These brigands, the members of what was called, from the name of their chief, the Solis gang, had pillaged the hacienda without scruple or mercy. They had torn down hangings, rolled up rich tapestry, and strapped it to their saddle-bows, set casks of wine abroach, slashed family portraits with their swords—worse still, putting the absent proprietor's helpless old domestics to the torture, they had forced them to reveal where the secret chamber was in which the ancestral plate and jewels of the Guzmans, with much that was valuable besides, papers, money, and rich stuffs, had been hidden; and this, of course, had been carried off. The good old steward and his Indian wife were left to weep over the ruin, and to deplore the loss that had fallen upon their far-distant master.

I was properly sympathetic, of course. This open, audacious robbery, this contempt of right, stirred my Anglo-Saxon sense of justice to the quick, and I chafed at the comparative impunity of evil-doers under the Mexican rule. I asked Senor Gil why the peons, of whom there must have been abundance, to cultivate the estate, had not come to his aid.

"English knight!" said the old man, shrugging up his shoulders in apology, "life is dear to us all. The peons—they live far off, quite across the valley—did indeed see the band, but they are peaceful men, and the hoe is the only instrument that comes readily to their hands. Holy St. James! they are poor Indians, not warriors. And the brigands were many, with gun and sabre, white men too—the Black Death be upon them!"

Here there was a long pause. I sipped my wine, and basked in the heat of the brasier, welcome on that night of chill north wind. Presently, the old steward resumed, very timorously, and in a hesitating manner. He might, he thought, venture to trust me. True, I was a stranger, but then Gil Lopez knew a true gentleman when he saw one. I was English, too, and of an honorable nation.—Here Dame Marietta gave a groan, and rattled her beads fast between her skinny fingers, looking at me with no very amicable expression; but her spouse went on, more resolutely. His story was briefly this:—

When the mounted brigands had made an end of robbing the house, and had loaded their nags to the utmost of their power, they were still in want of means of conveyance. An old cart, however, was found under a shed, and to this they harnessed the only mule about the place, a superannuated creature, that had been used to carry the steward's little daughter, long dead fifteen years before, and which was now kept as a pensioner, for love of old times. This feeble mule had been rudely harnessed to the cart, in which were stowed two or three chests of massy plate, of silver and gold, the property of the Guzmans; and the poor beast had been forced, by cruel pricking of lance and dagger, to drag the weighty load. At the end, however, of half a league, the worn-out mule had refused to proceed, had been brutally beaten and goaded, and had sunk down, dying in the shafts. The robbers were at a nonplus.

"I knew how it would be, sir, and I followed the scoundrels on foot, keeping under cover of the mesquite hedge," said the steward, earnestly. "When the poor mule—it brought tears to my old eyes to see her suffer, she whom my little Juanita used to pet and deck with cherry-colored ribbons—fell and died, the thieves blasphemed horribly, and tried in vain to harness two of their horses to the cart. But the horses were mettlesome beasts, and kicked and snorted, and just then a soldier's trumpet sounded, away on the high-road, and the brigands were impatient to begone; so, sir, they lowered the treasure by the windlass into an old, dry well, close by, a well that was dug in the time of the heathens, and ran dry in my father's time, no doubt meaning to fetch it away on the first opportunity. Little they knew, unblessed rogues, that I was watching what they did."

He went on to say that three days had elapsed since then, that the bandits had not returned, and that the plate, worth many thousand dollars, was still in its hiding-place. He did not dare to tell the peons of what he had seen, and to call on them for aid to lift the treasure. The laborers were honest Indians, simple drudges, and of them there was no fear; but they would be sure to tell all they knew; and there were some evil-disposed persons, white and brown, in the neighboring hamlets, rascals who were more than suspected of a secret understanding with the bandits. Should the whereabouts of the treasure come to their ears, they would think little of murdering the steward and his wife, or any other person, to secure its possession to themselves. On the other hand, in a few days, the robbers would probably return, bringing with them carts and mules in sufficient amount for the removal of their cumbrous prize. No doubt, they had been temporarily scared from the district by the appearance of a body of the national cavalry; but they would speedily return to carry off the valuable property which they naturally believed to be stowed away in a hiding-place only known to themselves.

Then the old steward, glancing nervously about him, as if to detect a lurking listener among the onion ropes, the strings of ripe maize, and dangling flitches that festooned the kitchen walls, revealed his plan. This was, to withdraw the treasure from the well, under cloud of night, to hide it in an abandoned quarry not far off, where the thick thorn-bushes would screen it from prying eyes, to borrow a cart and team of mules on some pretext, from a friendly ranchero whom he named, and to make the best of his way, with his lord's recovered valuables, to Monterey, and lodge the chests in some bank or convent; at Monterey, he and old Marietta must abide, for fear of the vengeance of the baffled brigands, until his master's return, or until government should destroy the gang.

A very sensible plan that, I could not but admit. But I was a little startled when I found that I, too, was expected to take a part in the drama. The faithful intendant counted, it seemed on my generous help; in fact, it was only my lucky arrival that had enabled him to mature his half-formed scheme. He and his wife were not strong enough to do alone all that was to be done; but if I, a stalwart young caballero, would lend them the aid of my youthful muscles, the business was all plain-sailing. And the steward pledged himself, at day-dawn, to get me a horse and guide, to take me on to Simpson's Quinta, both of which could be obtained from the haciendero who would lend the cart and mules.

I was easily persuaded; indeed, refusal would have been churlish. I had eaten these people's bread, and been sheltered under their roof, and I could not deny them a helping-hand in so praiseworthy a task. The storm, too, was spent, and the pure moon, fast sinking, was again visible. Lanterns were lighted, coils of rope provided, and we started from the ruinous house, winding our way through thickets, and skirting the maize-fields. Old Gil took the lead; I came next; the aged Indian woman followed. Presently, on the verge of a thorny wood, we stood beside the well. A deep, dark pit it was, nearly but not quite circular, and bordered round its upper rim with antique masonry of the finest kind, the blocks of red porphyry being so nicely fitted that without visible cement they had held together in spite of centuries of storm and rough usage. Aztec characters were to be seen yet, traced on the stones, quaint emblems of the old Indian picture-language, much defaced by the chisel of some heathen-hating Spanish stone-cutter. There was a clumsy windlass, with rope and bucket, the rope being apparently quite new, the bucket old and cracked, but made of a hard native wood that defied decay.

"Now, dear young sir, noble Englishman, if you, as the most active, would permit us to lower you gradually, in the bucket, to the bottom—"

"Of the well, do you mean? Do you want me to go down there?" asked I, rather dismayed at the suggestion; and I began to recall certain facts connected with choke-damp, mephitic vapors, and so forth. But the steward assured me that no such things were known in that dry climate and sandy soil. Persons were often let down wells of immense depth and age, and could always breathe with perfect freedom. However, he himself, in spite of his infirmities, would be the one to descend, if the Senor were afraid.

That imputation of fear galls a young man to the quick. I consented, and took my place in the bucket, while the old couple undertook to lower me gradually and carefully. I was to carry down a lantern, to hook first one chest and then another to the rope, and send them up in turn. Then I was to reascend, and aid in dragging off the property to its new lair in the quarry. The bucket swung over the gulf below, and I stepped into it, with as light a bearing as I could assume, the lantern strapped to my left arm, and both my hands clasping the cord. Down I went; and as I looked up from the rim of the well, to catch one last look at the upper world, I thought I saw the wrinkled face of the Indian hag assume an expression of malignant triumph that gave her the appearance of an actual demon. But no doubt it was fancy, for, all the time the plausible voice of her husband was ringing in my ears, bidding me be very careful, and thanking me in honeyed speech for my generosity. Down, down, down in the dark, deeper and deeper yet. The well was of enormous depth, and it was long before I felt the bucket jar against the solid earth, and, getting out, stood upon firm earth.

The bottom of the well, quite dry, was a sort of irregular vault; and by the light of my lantern, I could make out heaps of thorny brushwood, stones, and rubbish, that had been tossed in at various times. However, my chief concern was with two huge chests, iron-bound and corded, that lay in the midst of several small packages. By this time, my heart was beating thick and fast, and I wished the adventure well over; but I unstrapped and set down the lantern, detached the bucket from the rope, and, in as workmanlike a way as I could manage it, fixed the hook to the larger of the two mighty chests. I then called aloud to Gil Lopez that he might haul away, and was half frightened at the strange and feeble sound, hollow and weak, which my voice gave back to my ear in that dreadful place.

Very slowly and painfully, by the aid of the creaking windlass and tough rope, the big chest was hoisted. I heard it, high up, striking with a dull thump against the sides of the well; but with no light toil the work was done. The chest was secured, and down came the swinging rope and hoop, and the second chest was pulled up with somewhat less difficulty than its companion. The third load was composed of all the small packages, hastily tied together, and probably the knots were none of the firmest, for a leather valise was disengaged from the heap as the rope was drawn up for the third time, and fell, though fortunately not from a very great height. It struck me a smart blow on the shoulder, however, and made me shrink back for fear of more aerolites of the same terrestrial origin. And at last the windlass ceased to creak and labor. The packages, all save one, and that a light thing that I could easily carry, were all in upper air, and nothing remained but to send down the rope for me.

Two minutes—five—ten—and very long minutes, too, they were, spent down at the bottom of that dismal pit. I waited, waited. How slow methought, was the old steward in detaching the small parcels from the cord! Perhaps he was lingering, the methodical old goose, to verify the presence of certain family jewels, or to count the packages. I began to weary of my position; I called aloud, impatiently, angrily. No answer. Nothing save the muffled sound of my own voice, hollow and ghastly. In vain I looked up for the rope to come rattling down. All was still.

And then, as if a mocking imp had been, unseen, at my elbow, there came into my thoughts the story of Aladdin, with all its gorgeous simplicity, due to the warm, yet childlike fancy of the orientals. I thought of the incantations, the yawning cave, the subterranean garden whose trees bore jewelled fruit, rich gems, in place of the peach, and the apple, and the pomegranate, and where the wondrous lamp was hidden. The wicked magician, too, he who buried Aladdin alive, as he thought, till the boy unwittingly set the spell at work, and called the genie that had freedom and grandeur in his gift. How vividly I realized the scene—the necromancer's treachery—the despair of the Moslem boy, shut out from daylight! Will that rope never come down? "Gil Lopez! Senor Gil!" I shouted louder, louder still; but there was no answer.

Minute after minute went by. I looked at my watch again and again, feverish with eagerness. Was the old man ill? Had the robbers returned? What could cause this delay? An hour passed in terrible suspense. Then I could bear no more, but bawled and yelled, frantically, till my voice was husky and exhausted. Then I got an answer. From a great distance, weak and faint, came the sharp sibilant sounds, hissed forth in cruel malice by the tawny Indian crone, Marietta: "Mueran los infideles! Die, hog of England, caught like a coyote in a trap!" These words were meant for my death-warrant, for they were followed by a heavy stone, flung by which of the treacherous wretches above I cannot tell, but with murderous intent. The great stone came plunging down, grazing my very temple, and crushing my hat, so narrowly did it miss my head, which would doubtless have been smashed like an eggshell beneath the stroke. But the lantern was shivered to pieces, and I was left in the black, blank darkness. Instinctively, I crouched close to the wall, and remained quiet, scarcely daring to breathe. For aught I know, however, the monsters above deemed me dead already, for no more stones fell. Nothing but silence, darkness, and despair.

My reflections, as I lay, were very bitter. I had been snared to my own destruction, made a tool of, and then flung away, when I had served the turn of my employer. And to how transparent a stratagem had I fallen a victim! That wily, soft-spoken old knave, the steward, who doubtless intended to appropriate the treasure to his own purposes, had made me his dupe and scapegoat. He could go on his way with the plunder, confident that the inconvenient witness was removed, confident that I should never arise from my living grave to denounce him. What a gull—a greenhorn had I been, to be trapped thus by those whose very faces were a warning to beware.

Yes, buried alive! No one was ever likely to know my fate. There would be a search; there would be guesses; and the name of William Ford would at last only be coupled, in fireside stories, with his mysterious disappearance. No one would dream that I had starved and died within a few miles of my friends and my home. Life, and youth, and Rose—dear Rose, my wife, as I had hoped to call her—all lost through one act of blind trust and youthful foolhardiness!

I lay for a long time, for hours, benumbed and stupefied by the constant succession of these sad thoughts; and then manlier feelings rose in my heart. While there was life, as the old proverb went, hope had no right to die. Many a man had been at as bad a pass, and had struggled out, and had lived to end his days in honored old age, with loving hands to smooth his pillow. I would not perish without an effort. Perhaps, like Aristomenes in his cavern, I might find some means of egress, however painful the task; so I began to grope on hands and knees about the vault, seeking for the lantern. The glass, I knew, was in shivers, but the candle, a long one, as I remembered, might be intact. I had the means of relighting it, for had I not in my pocket the revolver which James Marshall had lent me.

I had lost my bearings, I suppose, for I groped about for some time without any result but that of getting my fingers pricked by thorns and bruised by pebbles. Then I touched the slimy back of some reptile, toad, snake, or lizard, I do not know which, and I recoiled from it as it shrank from my grasp; and presently my fingers closed on something like a human hand, cold, bony, fleshless, the hand of a skeleton, and I uttered a cry of sheer terror, and tore my hand away, springing to my feet, and half fancying that the bony hand was trying to detain mine in its unnatural grip. Then I hastily pulled out the revolver, and withdrawing the bullets, put some felt from my crushed hat close to the chambers, an old letter on the felt, and some dry thorny branches above all. Then I snapped off the pistol, carefully blowing up the ignited tinder into a blaze, and relit the candle, which was not much injured, and which had rolled a yard or more from where the stone fell.

What I then saw was an ugly sight, not calculated to calm the nerves of one in my position. The dead bushes and brushwood, disarranged by me as I groped about the vault, gave to view the whole upper part of a ghastly human skeleton, the head alone being wanting, while the bony right arm and hand were stiffly extended towards me—doubtless the hand that I had unwittingly grasped. The other features of the vault—the reptiles, harmless but repulsive companions, shuffling away to crevice and fissure; the heaps of ruin; the stone that I had so narrowly escaped; the leather valise that had slipped from the rope—were seen at a glance. Further search showed, alas! no means of emerging from the living tomb to which I had been so remorselessly consigned. Some other objects I found, but they were of no importance—a broken axe, a hoe, some scraps of Aztec pottery, and several spear-heads of copper and the sharp brittle flint, no doubt the work of Aztec hands. There was no water, save in one hole, where a little green and stagnant pool, left behind by last year's rainy season, lay. And to scale the smooth wall of the well would have been hopeless to the most practised climber.

My only prospect of release lay in the feeble chance of a rescue. Some one from above, attracted by my signals of distress, might—But how could I notify my forlorn condition? I was cut off from my species. My voice was hoarse already, and the muscles of my throat strained and stiff, with useless attempts to make myself heard. And how few might come, from year's end to year's end, to that desolate spot! No, I must die, save for a miracle—die in darkness, in famine, in all the torments of thirst! Perhaps my reason would give way. How could I tell? I had read of shipwrecked sailors who had died mad, tearing their own flesh, wild with parching thirst. And in a little while my candle would be burned down, and I should be left in everlasting darkness, alone, lost to the world, to lie down and die beside the bleaching skeleton of the wretch whose bones were so near me.

Suddenly I bethought me of the valise. It might contain food—an unlikely chance, but a possible one. A little dried fruit, a box of French sweetmeats or Spanish chocolate, might prolong my life for days and weeks, and give more time for my friends to scour the country. I forced the lock with my pocket-knife, and hastily rummaged over the contents. No food, not so much as a morsel of anything to sustain life, nothing but money—trash, in that place—a few clothes—some letters, and a quantity of papers, deeds, scrip, and so forth. Ha! what is this? It was an old envelope, frayed and torn, addressed to M. Etienne Laplace. For a moment, I forgot my own danger. I tore open one of the bonds. It contained Mr. Stacy's name, often repeated. Another, it was docketed, in the banker's own hand. Yes, they were all there, the missing papers, whose loss had caused Mr. Stacy's ruin and arrest. No doubt the valise was that of Laplace, the fugitive clerk; and where was he? The skeleton—the headless skeleton! I had glanced half fearfully at it, as if I expected to see the dead man rise to claim the property before me. Yes, yes, it was likely enough that the runaway had been murdered by his vile associates. There is seldom honor among thieves. The skeleton was probably his. I held the papers in my hands. I could clear Mr. Stacy's character; and Rose, the very idea of her happiness, she, who loved me already, how would *she* receive her father's preserver!

But of what use was it to say all this? I was in a trap, and should never, perhaps, be seen by human eye again. The secret would perish with me. Mr. Stacy would be crushed by persecution; and Rose, poor and orphaned, would deem that even I had heartlessly deserted her in her need. In a little while, the candle would be spent.

I carefully replaced the papers in the trunk, blew out the candle, and sat down with my back to the wall, to wait. I had a hard struggle before I could give up the light—there was company and comfort in the light—but I must husband my resources, poor as they were, and I determined to keep the candle for a future occasion. I could think in the dark. I thought, and thought, until my brain was overtired, and then I slept, and woke up, cramped and chilled, and walked to and fro, fierce and restless as a wild beast caged and famished, with dire pains of hunger beginning to rack me. Then I sat down again, and tried to sleep, but could not. Presently I felt the gnawing of hunger more keenly than before, and I relit the candle, and made a desperate attempt, by striking the blade of my clasp-knife, and that of one of the Mexican spear-heads, into the interstices of the brick-work, to climb the sides of the well. I got up, with much toil, some ten feet, and then the smooth strong masonry baffled me; my knife snapped, and I fell, and was bruised and half stunned. Very weak and discouraged, I lay still, waiting for death. A very long time passed, and then there was a faint sound, and then the sound increased, and as I lifted my dim eyes, I saw a smoky glare of torchlight, and heard the well-known creak of the windlass. The rope was coming down, with a living load. My heart gave a leap, and then hope died away. I had remembered the robbers. No doubt they had returned; they came in quest of the buried treasure; they would miss it, but find me, and put me to a cruel death in their malice and rage. Well—better so than starve. The windlass worked on, and the gleam of the torch came nearer and nearer yet; and then a voice said, in English, and in well-remembered accents:—"Hurrah! I saw him move! Oh, thank God, the poor fellow is alive—alive, after all!"

Then I fainted, came to myself, and saw James Marshall and another friend standing over me; fainted again, and was in bed in my own room at Monterey when I regained my consciousness. The rest of the story may be told in few words. The false steward, old Gil Lopez, who resided in the abandoned house of a ruined proprietor, supposed to be dead in exile, turned out to have been a sort of chief of the most villainous gang of highwaymen in the district, to whom also he acted as receiver and spy, having two sons with the band. It was to him that the runaway clerk, Laplace, had fled for concealment and a safe-conduct to the coast. But the Mexicans are treachery incarnate. The bandits had murdered Laplace, severed his head from his body, burying it in a separate place, and tossed his remains into the well, retaining the papers for future profit. The dry well served as the hiding-place for their valuable booty; but during a long foray on the part of the band, one of their number had been captured, and had betrayed the secret. The old man's sons, unable to come to the hacienda, had sent an Indian boy to their father to bid him withdraw the treasure before the arrival of the police.

To this boy I owed my safety. He had been supposed to be asleep, wearied out by his long march; but his curiosity had been excited by old Gil's going forth in my company, and he had followed, and seen from the thicket all that had occurred. The old scoundrel, after cutting away the rope of the windlass, to make the well appear neglected, had procured mules and a cart from some neighbor, and had gone off with the treasure, accompanied by his wife, to the place of rendezvous appointed by his accomplices. But the Indian boy—who had led a dog's life in the service of the robbers—resolved to desert them, and to earn reward and pardon by telling all. He slipped away, therefore, on the road, and after a long march, reached Monterey, and being directed to Mr. Marshall's house, found the whole community in a ferment respecting my disappearance. My horse, with the saddle turned and bridle broken, had been found miles off, and all suspected foul-play. The Indian lad, however, put them on the true scent, and they lost no time in effecting my rescue. I have only to add, that Mr. Stacy was fully relieved from all his embarrassments by the recovery of the papers; that Rose has for some years been my wife; and that we have lived, happy and prosperous, in Monterey, where I am now a junior partner in the house of Marshall Brothers. Gil Lopez and his amiable consort were never, to my knowledge, heard of again, for the gang, having made the state too hot to hold them, migrated northwards, where it is to be hoped they may one day pay the penalty of their crimes.

☞ To Deceive Mosquitoes.—Enter your room in the dark quietly, fix a pillow under the sheet representing a person in bed, fix the mosquito bars snugly around so as to prevent their entrance, undress and get under the bed, and you will have a good sleep.

☞ We are indebted to the Chinese for the idea of building ships with water-tight compartments, that nation having long been familiar with this method of constructing water craft.

☞ A new sensation in London is a medicinal novel entitled "Who Wins; a Homœopathic tale."

☞ A young woman in Milton, Wis., died last week from the sting of a bee on her wrist. She survived the sting only twelve hours.

☞ An English gentleman recently travelling in Cuba, took some sketches of Moro Castle, and was arrested and imprisoned for it.

☞ What a beautiful example for all of us is the resolution of the old lady, who, from a crabbed and anxious body became quite the opposite. When asked what had induced the change, she replied:—"To tell you the truth, I have been all my life striving for a contented mind, and have finally concluded to sit down contented without it."

☞ A man in England recently stated that his wife had consumed 100 pounds of opium since they had been married—17 years.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is little or no export demand for Flour, and the market is very dull and prices 50@100c ℔ bbl lower than last week. The week's sales foot up about 5000 bbls at $9,50@10,50 for superfine; $10,25@10,75 for extras, and $10,75@12 ℔ bbl for extra family. Rye Flour is lower and offered at $10 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly and Wheat meets with a limited demand at a decline of 15@20c; about 20,000 bus have been disposed of, mostly in small lots, at 225@235c for old and new Penna and Western reds, and 255@265c for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is selling at 180@183c for Delaware and Penna. Corn; sales of 25,000 bus at 167@169c for yellow, and 165c for Western mixed. Oats; sales of 30,000 bus new Delaware and Penna at 88@90c.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the hog product is unsettled and lower. Mess Pork is quoted at $40@42, and Beef at $26@28 ℔ bbl for western and city packed. Bacon moves off slowly at 22@23c for plain and fancy Hams, 22@23c for Sides, and 21@22c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats the sales are limited at 19½@20c for Shoulders and Hams, in salt. Lard continues scarce and prices nominal at 23@24c for bbls and tierces, and 26@27c for kegs. Butter—Pennsylvania and Ohio packed sell at 35@45c, and Goshen at 48@53c. Cheese is selling at 23@26c ℔ lb for good and choice New York dairies. Eggs are worth 28c ℔ dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been at a stand still; a few small lots have been taken at $1,25@1,35 for Middlings.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron has fallen off. Sales of 100 hhds 1st No 1 were made at $46 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX is quoted at 75@80c.

COAL.—There are no orders coming in from the East, and business is at a stand, and prices nearly nominal.

COFFEE.—Prices are 3@4c lower. A few small sales are reported at 38@42c for Rio and Laguayra.

COPPER is rather lower. Sheets are offered at 50c, and Bolts at 54c, on time.

FEATHERS are quoted at 85@90c ℔ lb for Western.

FRUIT.—Sales are confined to Green Apples at $1,50@3,50 ℔ bbl. Peaches range at $1@2 ℔ basket. Cranberries are selling at $14 ℔ bbl.

HAY.—Baled is selling at $20 ℔ ton.

HOPS are unsettled at 50@55c for new and 33@37c for old crop.

IRON.—The market is dull; prices of both Pig and Manufactured Iron are unsettled and entirely nominal.

LUMBER.—There is nothing doing.

MOLASSES.—The market is unsettled and lower.

PLASTER.—Sales at $3,75 ℔ ton.

RICE.—We quote at 14@14½c ℔ lb.

SEEDS.—There is a steady demand for Timothy-seed; sales 800 bus are reported at $6,75@7,12½ ℔ bus. Cloverseed is selling at $17@13 ℔ bus. Flaxseed; sales 2000 bus are reported at $3,30@3,35 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS.—N E Rum is lower, and nominally held at $2,10@2 15. Whiskey is selling at $1,30@1,34 for Penna and Western, and Dredge at $1,30.

SUGARS are 1@2c lower; sales few small lots Cuba at 18@21c.

WOOL has declined 5@10c ℔ lb on the quotations of last week. A few small sales of fleece at 90@100c ℔ lb, mostly at 90@95c for medium quality. Yarns are lower and nearly nominal at 170c ℔ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 5300 head. The prices realized from 9½ to 14 ℔ 100 lbs. 2400 Hogs at from $16,50 to 20,00 ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 8½ cts ℔ lb. 100 Cows brought from $45 to 80 ℔ head.

Singular Fatality.

There is a very dangerous seat on the shore at Gosport, Isle of Shoals. It is a shelf of rock on the high brow of a cliff, where you look down on the dashing and frothing of the breakers far below, and is called "Miss Underhill's Chair," because sixteen years ago a young lady of that name, while sitting there with her lover, was treacherously seized by an accidental wave, which dashed higher than usual, and swept her to a watery grave. Since then the place has been marked as dangerous because ever and anon one of these unexpected waves dashes up from the depths below as if in search of prey. On the 10th inst., two young girls, Miss Lydia Varrel, of Rye, and Miss Eveline Caswell, of Gosport, were seated in the fatal chair, looking at the magnificent display of seething waters below, when a mighty wave, swelling up from the depths, swept them away in plain sight of their agonized companions. One of them was seen no more. The other was for a brief and terrible moment left on a lower ledge of rock by the receding wave, and a boy who bravely attempted to give her his hand, barely escaped sharing her own sad fate, when she went down forever with the next rise and fall of the mighty waters. The body of her companion in death has since been recovered.

☞ In Paris, cabmen can't cheat. They are paid by the mile, and a dial worked by clock-work, set in motion by the revolution of the wheels, shows the distance travelled.

A Scientific Vegetable Combination of Rare Ingredients—Not a Dye.

For changing gray hair to its original color.
For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.
For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.
For making the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
For preserving the original color to old age.
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

Read this Certificate

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that the preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward B. Garrigues, Druggist, Tenth and Coates streets, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. Mrs. Miller,
No. 730 North Ninth street, Philada.

Such testimony is daily received from all sections of the country. One bottle will satisfy any one that it is entirely different and vastly superior to all other hair preparations. Price 75 cents per bottle; six bottles, $4. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. jy16-cow

Volunteers, Attention!—For the derangements of the system incidental to the change of diet, Wounds, Eruptions, and Exposures which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. If the reader of this notice cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.—This Universal Remedy for Coughs Colds, and Bronchial Affections now stands the first in public favor and confidence; this result has been acquired by a test of thirteen years. Its merit and extensive use has caused the Troches to be counterfeited, and we would caution purchasers to be on their guard against worthless imitations.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of Sept., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Edward D Barrett, to Miss Kate T. Schoner, both of this city.

On the 8th of Sept., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas Umsted, to Isabella P. Stull, of this city.

On the 18th of Sept., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. John N. McGinley, to Miss Catharine Dickie, both of this city.

On the 20th of Sept., by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. Matthew Mac Paul, to Miss Elizabeth S. Atkinson, both of this city.

On the 21st of Sept., by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. Robert Adams, to Miss Annie Murray, both of this city.

On the 16th of Sept., by the Rev. Mr. Bringhurst, Dr. T. A. Anderton, to Anna A., daughter of J. G. Howard, M. D.

On the 7th of Sept., by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. James R. Black, to Miss Emma L. C. Barton, both of this city.

On the 27th of Sept., by Friends' ceremony, in presence of Mayor Henry, Isaac B. Wright, of Tullytown, Bucks county, Pa., to Mrs. Edith M. Bryant, of Rancocas, Burlington county, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Sept., George R. Justice, in his 61st year.

On the 25th of Sept., John J. Richardson, in his 46th year.

At Torresdale, Philada., Sept. 29th, John Bispham Myers, in his 64th year.

On the 27th of Sept., of Castritis, Alexander Wilson, in his 43d year.

On the 23d of Sept., Mrs. Elizabeth Lesher, widow of the late Austin Lesher, in her 43d year.

On the 27th of Sept., William H. Taylor, in his 23d year.

On the 26th of Sept., Caroline Miller, in her 26th year.

On the 25th of Sept., David Simpson, Sr., in his 59th year.

On the 24th of Sept., Catharine, widow of the late Jacob Armstrong, in her 66th year.

On the 24th of Sept., William Alexander, in his 55th year.

EYRE & LANDELL OPEN TO-DAY NEW GOODS FOR FALL OF 1864
4,000 New Shawls.
Richest New Silks.
Richest Figured Merinoes.
Novelties in Dress Goods.
New Goods Daily Opening. mar12-ly

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AGENTS WANTED, MALE AND FEMALE.
For particulars send for WILSON'S new FAMILY SEWING MACHINE ADVERTISER and GAZETTE. Address MATHER & WILSON,
oct8-3t Cleveland, Ohio.

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CANCERS, TUMORS, WHITE SWELLINGS, &c., &c., cured without pain or the use of the knife. Send for Circular, free of charge. Addr ss
Drs BABCOCK & TOBIN,
oct8-3m 27 BOND Street, New York.

WONDERFUL! STRANGE!—Full instruction by which any person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours and make a world of fun. Sent by mail for 25 cents, or 5 for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. 1t

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

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We offer to purchasers throughout the United States a large and splendid assortment of Jewelry and Plated Ware of every description at prices which defy competition.

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Free of Charge.

For the benefit of persons wishing a neat, pretty, and useful article at a moderate price, we attach the following price list:

Ladies' handsome Neck Chain $1.00; single stone imitation Diamond Ring $1; Cluster imitation Diamond Ring $2; Heavy Plated Vest Chain $1.50; Heavy Plain Rings (will stand the strongest acid) $1; Heavy Plated Black enamelled Sleeve Buttons 50 cents; gents single stone or cluster imitation Diamond Pins $1; magnificent Bracelets $1.25; handsomely chased Medallions $1.25; Pen and Pencil with extension case $1.50; Ladies' beautiful Revolving Pin (can be worn either side) $1.25; Ladies' small Jet or Garnet Pin $1; handsome ladies' set of Pin and Drops Coral; Carbuncle or Opal sets $1.25; fancy Watch Keys $1; Ladies' Long Guard and Chatelaine Chains $1; genuine Gutta Percha Pins for hair or likeness $1; Seal Rings $1; red or black Ball Ear Drops 50 cents; children's handsome Carbuncle or Coral Armlets $1; Vest do ks, fancy patterns, 50 cents; Carbuncle Studs and Sleeve Buttons $1; Silver plated Butter Knives $1 50 per pair; Silver-plated Spoons $2.50 per half dozen.

All articles Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded.

All orders filled immediately. A liberal reduction in price will be made on orders for a number of articles at one time.

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Three Squares West of the Old Stand.

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AGENTS WANTED.—$30 per month guaranteed. For terms and specimens, address with stamp, L. L. TODD & CO.,
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U.S. 7-30 Loan.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum,—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN.

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But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress *exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation*. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

Up to the 24th of September, the subscriptions to this loan amounted to over

$40,000,000.

Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositories, and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money, and

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country will give further information and
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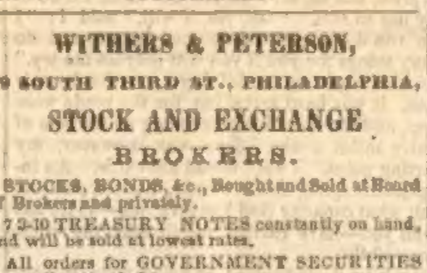

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
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Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. jel8-1y

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OLD EYES MADE NEW.
A Pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

ELECTRICITY:
ITS WONDERS
AS A
THERAPEUTIC AGENT.
TO THE DISEASED.

Five years ago Professor C. H. BOLLES located himself in the city of Philadelphia, at No 1220 WALNUT Street, and announced his great discovery in the therapeutic application of Magnetism, Galvanism, and other modifications of Electricity for the cure of the most obstinate, acute, and chronic diseases.

In announcing to the public a discovery so intimately connected with the well-being of our race, it may be deemed proper to make a few prefatory remarks to prepare the mind of the reader for the reception of evidences and facts too incredible for belief.

This discovery is the result of more than ten years' hard and scientific investigations. It develops not only a reliable system for the diagnosis of disease, but the only efficient and reliable means of cure. Its great superiority over all other systems for the cure of disease has been practically tested for more than ten years, and for five years in Philadelphia, where twelve thousand invalids have been treated, suffering from almost every form and condition of disease common to all sections of our country, who, after treatment by all the most eminent medical men in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and other cities, had been given up as incurable; and in nearly every case a perfect cure had been effected.

Many of the most obstinate of the above cases treated have been warranted by special contract, and not a failure has been made in any warranted case. As indubitable evidence of the foregoing statement, we have adduced in the following advertisement testimonials from citizens of Philadelphia, who had suffered from a complication of diseases for four, ten, and even thirty years, and had availed themselves of the best medical skill in this and other cities, and were given up as incurable, but afterwards were fully restored to health by a few applications of Electricity.

We are curing, and further pledge ourselves to cure, a certain class of diseases acknowledged to be incurable by any known process of medication—diseases that never have, nor never can be controlled, only by this mode of applying the various modifications of Electricity.

We are often asked for what diseases is Electricity best adapted? In reply, we would say, for all diseases to which flesh is heir—acute or chronic, inflammatory or paralytic. In all cases where medicine is beneficial, and in all cases beyond the influence and control of medicine. Electricity has the power of arousing the vital force by changing its polarities, thereby regulating secretion, excretion, digestion, and circulation, and bringing the system back to a condition of harmony and health.

Thousands of the most reliable individuals in this city who have been treated at No. 1220 Walnut street can and will vouch for the above statement of facts in their own astonishing cures. We verily believe that we have cured more obstinate diseases during the five years of our practice in the city of Philadelphia than all the medical men that have ever practised in this city, either allopathically, homœopathically, or by any other pathy. This assertion may look like boasting, but it is true, every word of it, for who ever heard of such astonishing cures?

Who shall properly estimate the incalculable blessing thus so speedily conferred on suffering humanity, when, instead of being drugged for months, and thrown on beds of languishing, health is restored by this treatment, in many cases almost instantaneously? In conclusion, we would say, for the encouragement of the dyspeptic, neuralgic, consumptive, rheumatic, paralytic, epileptic, and, in fine, all those on whom medical treatment ever did and ever will prove a total failure, that there is still hope in your case, and a fair chance for your recovery, at No. 1220 WALNUT Street.

ASTONISHING RESULTS.

The following report is not the result of hearsay or far-off certificates, or reports of men of doubtful veracity, but from reliable business and professional men in our very midst, whose report was arrived at after weeks of careful investigation, at 1220 WALNUT Street.

FROM A FEW RELIABLE MEN IN PHILADA.

We, the undersigned, having been treated for obstinate diseases at No. 1220 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia, which had resisted for a long time the treatment of the most eminent medical men in this city; and, also, having witnessed the results of his treatment on a great number of our acquaintances and friends, for acute and chronic diseases, do therefore take great pleasure in recommending to the public this important discovery.

He has been located five years at No. 1220 WALNUT Street, testing his treatment on many thousands of our most reliable citizens by his new discovery of applying Galvanism, Magnetism, and other modifications of Electricity, and, having watched his success in the speedy and permanent cures of hundreds of our friends as well as ourselves, and, especially, that class of diseases never benefited by medicines; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, regard the great success we have witnessed for months in the treatment of Consumption, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Insanity, Diabetes, Bronchitis, all Nervous Diseases, Catarrh, Amaurosis, Aphonia, Asthma, Ague Chills, Contraction of Limbs, St Vitus' Dance, Coldness of Feet, Hands, or Head; Deafness, Dyspepsia, all forms; Epilepsy, Hemorrhage, White Swelling, Mental Depression, Neuralgia, Withered Limbs, Convulsions, Palpitation of the Heart, and Lock-jaw, as indubitable evidence of the scientific application of Electricity for the speedy cure of all curable diseases.

E. A. Steele, M. D., No. 6 South Twelfth street; Wm. H. Shriver, Haines street, Germantown; I. C. Stockton, 906 Market street, Philada.; John McCormick, 1220 Ridge Avenue; Chas. H. Grigg, Nos. 219 and 221 Church alley; Emanuel Rey, 707 Sansom street, attorney-at-law; Isaac D. Guyer, 2 Woodland Terrace; E. N. Nash, 343 South Sixth street; H. Craig, 1725 Arch street, 138 Broad street; Robert D. Work, 31 North Third street; A. G. Croll, northeast corner Tenth and Market streets.

N. B.—We take pleasure in referring the sick to the above names, and the following, whose certificates have been or will be given in full for the good of humanity.

Judah Levy, Bronchial Consumption, No. 814 South Front street; Edward T. Evans, preacher of the M. E. Church, Dyspepsia of long standing, Laryngitis, and Lumbago, No. 1633 Helmuth street; Wm. H. Shalae, Paralysis of lower limbs, Paraplegy, and Epilepsy, publisher of the *National Merchant*, No. 120 South Second street; Thos. Owens, Congestion of the Brain, and severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, and Diabetes, American Hotel, Philada.; James Nugent, Deafness for six years, and ringing and roaring in the head, Fifteenth and Bedford sts.; Wm. Morgan, General Debility, 401 Spruce street; Thos. Harrop, severe Diabetes, Rose Mills, West Philada.; Geo. Grant, Rheumatic Gout, long standing, No. 619 Chestnut street; H. T. Destiver, Chronic Neuralgia and Inflammatory Rheumatism, No. 1730 Chestnut street; O. H. Carmick, Chronic Dyspepsia and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Chestnut and Fortieth streets; Geo. W. Freed, Epilepsy, No. 1402 North Thirteenth street; Anthony Carney, Consumption, No. 1217 Market street; Edward McMallon, Consumption, No 1927 Front street; Charles H. Grigg, Dyspepsia and Constipation, Tenth and Arch streets; J. Hickel, Chronic Bronchitis, Constipation, and Congestion of the Brain, No 518 Callowhill st.; Rev. J. Mallory, Aphonia, Philadelphia.

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Mrs. S. A. FULTON.

Mrs. Fulton, a lady of great experience and ability, will have entire charge of treating in the ladies department.

Consultation free.

Address all letters to Dr. W. B. BROWN, 1220 WALNUT St. Philadelphia.
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PINE APPLE
CIDER.
DR. TALBOT'S CONCENTRATED
MEDICAL PINE APPLE CIDER
Is a Preventive of Sickness.

The experience that Dr Talbot has had for the last twenty-five years, convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed for all classes, old and young. It is not new to the Doctor but is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a well person one year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring; nevertheless, it will save millions from being sick. Is it not better to pay two dollars a year to keep from being sick than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctors' bills, and as much more for the loss of time and the inconvenience of being sick? To prevent sickness, use as follows:—Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night. It will increase the strength and give vigor and action to the system. A celebrated New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he gained ten pounds of flesh in one month, at the first trial. He continues its use, as above directed, and finds it very beneficial; says it has proved an entire preventive to sickness in his case. Also, another well known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

Price $2 per bottle (full quart). For sale everywhere.

All orders should be addressed to
B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 & 74 Washington St.,
NEW YORK.
HENRY C. KELLOGG,
Corner of Water and Chestnut Streets, Agents for
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513
CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

THE SUM OF DISEASE REDUCED.—By the operation of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, the *sum total of disease* is reduced, and their continued use, according to printed directions which accompany each box of new style, is certain to cure, in all cases where the life-principle is within their recuperative powers.

Synopsis of Brandreth's Pills Curative Qualities.—The whole curative effect may be placed in this light. If the stomach and bowels are out of order, the general health is effected. If any disease exists in any part of the body, whether local or general in character, that disease will more or less affect the stomach and bowels. Now, Brandreth's Pills, by removing impurities from the blood, and cleansing the stomach and bowels of matters that interfere with their healthy action restore and keep in order these important and governing organs of the economy of man.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. sep24-2teow

UNPRESENTABLE HEADS
are in a moment beautified by the operation of
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,
which, without the slightest trouble, imparts to the hair of the head, the whiskers, beard, or moustache, any shade of brown or the most perfect black. Ladies can use it without soiling their fingers. It is the most expeditious hair dye in the world, and the only one free from every poisonous ingredient, and that contains a nourishing and emollient vegetable principle.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE,
a valuable adjunct to the Dye, in dressing and promoting the growth and perfect health of the hair, and of itself, when used alone—a safeguard that protects the fibres from decay under all circumstances and under all climes.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the hair.
Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. sep24-2teow

DR. TOBIAS'
VENETIAN LINIMENT.
DIED OF CROUP—WHAT A PRETTY AND interesting child I saw last week! But now, alas! it is no more. Such was the conversation of two gentlemen riding down town in the cars. Died of Croup! how strange! when Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment is a certain cure, if taken in time. Now, Mothers, we appeal to you. It is not for the paltry gain and profit we make, but for the sake of your infant child that now lies playing at your feet. Croup is a dangerous disease; but use Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment in time, and it is robbed of its terrors. Always keep it in the house; you may not want it to-night, or to-morrow no telling when—but armed with this liniment you are prepared, let it come when it will.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. sep24-2teow

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 19 White St., New York. oct8-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

How the Farmer Sold the Cockney.

In most of what are called "market towns," in England, it was customary to have an "ordinary," or what is called the market dinner, given at most of the principal inns of the place, where farmers as well as others who had come to attend the market, came to partake of a plain but substantial dinner; and these would afterward sit and enjoy their pipe and pot of beer, or glass of punch, before they betook themselves to the road on their homeward drive.

After such a dinner, there had congregated around a table filled with bright silver beer cans and brighter glasses, the usual miscellaneous assemblage of guests. Among these was a commercial traveller, bagman or packman, as they are termed, whose chief aim seemed to be to surprise the country pumpkins, as he considered them, with the vast extent of his acquirements and cockney wisdom. It so happened that he was seated next to a portly old farmer, of a most benignant aspect, who had the appearance of being, what indeed he was, well gifted with this world's goods; and to him our traveller expatiated on the delights of a farmer's life, disclosing in many instances his profound ignorance of matters that he so glibly and knowingly spoke about, to the great internal amusement of his listeners; and finally he declared that if he could get a farm to suit him he should like to turn to farming for an occupation.

"If that be your desire," said the old farmer, "I am just the man that can suit you; I am, as you see, no longer young. I have made money enough without doing another day's work; and as I see you are a smart young man, who knows a great deal and deserves encouragement, I will sell out to you on terms that may be considered favorable, and they are these: I hold a lease on my farm for a yet unexpired term of many years; I have between 30 and 40 fine beef cattle; I have 20 fine cows, none better in the country; 18 good horses as ever drew a plough, besides a flock of between 300 and 400 sheep, of course with the usual amount of poultry, and in fact, all the profitable live stock belonging to such a farm. Now what I propose to do for you is, that I will transfer the lease of my farm over to you, for which you shall not pay a penny, except the lawyer's fees for the transfer. As for the farming utensils, they shall go as part of the farm, and all I will ask for the live stock, is one shilling per head, all round (our readers should understand that in England a pigeon would cost a shilling.)

The astonishment of those who had been till then somewhat amused listeners at this offer, was hardly less than of the eager traveller, who readily accepted the offer of our farmer; but fearful there should be a purpose to hoax him into a fruitless journey to the farm, when perhaps he might be laughed at for his credulity, our London friend told him what he should propose would not offend the farmer, but in all business engagements it was best to have a good understanding, therefore they should at once proceed to a notary to have the deed attested, with a fine of £50 sterling to be paid by either party who refused to ratify the proposed transaction.

"Certainly, I agree to your request, and I can see in it nothing to offend me; on the contrary, I am pleased to see a young man so business-like in his ways."

As there were no lack of witnesses, they at once proceeded to the office of a notary, had the agreement made out, the day duly appointed for its consummation, subject to the fine of fifty pounds sterling on either party who should withdraw from the bargain.

Now as time brings all things about, time also brought the appointed day for selling the live-stock and making a transfer of the farm, and if our Londoner was before pleased with his bargain, how much more was he pleased with the trim and well cultivated fields he saw, which were part of the farm that he came to possess.

The first place he was taken to was a sheep walk, where there were 360 sheep. These were at once put down at a shilling a head; next there was seen in a meadow 36 fine beeves; there were also in another field 20 fine milch cows; in short, everything corresponded with the description heretofore given by the farmer. In fact the poultry would have averaged more than two shillings a head from any dealer in that article. When they were through taking the cattle and all the poultry, the farmer asked to have the sum added up, and seemed to be surprised that the amount did not reach over about eighty pounds.

"Well," said he, "this is a better bargain than I intended you should have; however, a bargain is a bargain, be it good or bad, and so we will finish with what remains."

Imagine the happy and elate step of our Londoner, as he followed his friend back to the substantial looking farm house, which henceforth he should proudly call his own. Still he wondered within himself what the farmer meant by "what remains," already debating within himself whether he would allow cats or dogs to be entered on the schedule as profitable live stock, but all such thoughts were dissipated when he was led into a handsomely enclosed flower garden, where a profusion of flowers scented the air around. Now did our cockney admire the scene, and make inward promises of enjoyment in the future. When near the end of the garden walk they came to an excellently arranged apiary.

"Here, my friend," said the farmer, "is the remainder of my live stock, and they yield an excellent profit, as the honey they produce is allowed to be the best in our county. There be, if you will count them, 40 hives containing say on an average 15,000 bees in each hive, or if you doubt the number you may count these also, but you may take my word for it that the numbers are not over stated, so this will give us 600,000 bees, which at a shilling a head, will make the bargain not look so bad as at first appeared to me."

Imagine the aghast look of our bagman; instead of possessing a farm almost at a gift, here was a small item, 30,000 pounds, added, three times the value of the farm, and a sum much beyond his power to raise. In fact, he could sooner have raised the d——l, and to look at him he was half inclined to do so, but that the witnesses present, who seemed to enjoy the thing very much, were all stalwart men, to whom, or in whose presence, it was prudent to keep civil; so he owned up that instead of buying he was sold, and was ready to pay down his £50.

"Well," said the farmer, who now for the first time enjoyed a hearty laugh, in which all, with the exception of the Londoner, joined, "I am glad you take the thing so coolly; but as for money, I do not want it myself, but you shall be my almoner—and your first act shall be to send two pounds to Dick Hopkins, the wagoner, who has lain six weeks in bed with both legs broken, and has a wife and five children to maintain;—and for the remainder of the money, just give some when you see occasion and can spare it, to any deserving poor fellow who may want it more than either of us. And now, lads, dinner is on the table, so let's in, and perhaps I can find you as good a glass of port as you will find in the county."

The dinner was excellent, having apparently been prepared for the occasion. Many a joke was passed about the sharpness of Londoners, and the simplicity of country people, but having got off minus only two pounds instead of fifty, and an excellent dinner with good wine, made our traveller joke and laugh with the rest. Nor did the friends he then and there made, render the adventure in the end an unprofitable one.

TOMKINS looking too long at the photographs of the lawyers in Chancery Lane, is seized with a sudden involuntary panic. "Don't be alarmed, my boy," said his friend Wigsby, who happened to be passing at the time, "your *coat* pockets are quite safe; we don't do it that way!"

Anecdotes.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I heard a story this morning about a Dutchman that lives near by, that pleased our folks some, and as fun is cheap you can have it. Some cows broke into the Dutchman's garden one night and destroyed his cabbages. The next morning as he was viewing the devastation, a neighbor heard him bewail his loss thus: "Well, what's to be done now? A Dutchman in the fall, and no cabbage."

ANOTHER.—An Irishman went into the grocery store of Mr. C——, and after looking around remarked that he wanted something he hardly knew what, but believed he would take some crackers. The crackers were done up, he took them, held them a minute, and then said:

"Come to think, I believe I am more dry than hungry, and would like it if you would take the crackers back, and let me have a bottle of beer."

The exchange was made, and Paddy started, when Mr. C—— called him back, telling him he had not paid for the beer.

"Why, yes," says Paddy, "I gave you the crackers for the beer."

"But you have not paid for the crackers."

"Well," said he, "and haven't you got the crackers?"

He left Mr. C—— to study it out at his leisure.

"From Strength to Strength."

My brethren, first by thoughts on self-examination, then by an exercise of the will, then by prayer, then by watchfulness and definite resistance, will you proceed "from strength to strength," and, laying aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset you, will you run with patience the race which is set before you, for the prize of your high calling in Jesus Christ.

Oh, what a noble, what a God-like life!—a life which adds to faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance and brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity; this is the ladder which reaches from earth to heaven, and thus may we follow the path of the bright spirits who have gone before us. Do not neglect the least effort, the meanest sacrifice, the smallest victory in this holy and heavenly service. Do not despise the day of small things. Powerful your sins may be as the raging breakers of the ocean; yet, as in the midst of the tossing and treacherous waves, the coral islet rises firm, in spite of such billows as would shatter a granite rock—the coral islet which is built by the toil of weak, and tiny, and ephemeral insects of countless centuries, till it first reached the surface of the sea, and then the chance plank was thrown upon it, or the trunk of some tree, carried down by river waters, rested against it, and the sea bird built her nest there, and the wind bore to it some scattered seed, until the little island grew, and while the dark waters heaved vainly around, began to clothe itself at length in emerald foliage, and ring itself with a circle of glittering sand, and mirror in the green waters of its calm lagoon the crowding huts of the savage, and the feathery crown of tropic trees, and defy the ocean and beat back the surging of the storm—even so, by little efforts amid the sea of temptation, will your virtues grow firmer and firmer, and your righteousness be built deeper and deeper into Christ, the living Rock, while, singing on your way, you proceed from "strength to strength," and appear at last before the God of gods in the heavenly eternal Jerusalem.—*Farrar.*

☞ Julius Cæsar Hannibal giving an account of his sea voyage, says: "All de passengers was now heavin', and as if that wasn't enough, de captain gave orders for de ship to heave too, and she hove to."

WORDS FOR POOR BOYS.

BY GENERAL MITCHELL.

When I was a boy of twelve years, I was working for twenty-five cents a week, with an old lady, and I will tell you I had my hands full; but I did my work faithfully. I used to cut wood, fetch water, make fires, and scrub and scour of mornings, for the old lady, before the real work of the day commenced, my clothes were bad, and I had no means of buying shoes, so I was often barefooted. One morning I got through my work early, and the old lady, who thought I had not done it, or especially ill-humored then, was displeased, scolded me, and said I was idle and had not worked. I said I had: she called me "a liar." I felt my spirit rise indignantly against this, and standing erect I told her that she should never have the chance of applying this word to me again. I walked out of the house to re-enter it no more. I had not a cent in my pocket when I stepped into the world. What do you think I did then, boys? I met a countryman with a team, I met him boldly and honestly, and offered to drive the leader if he would only take me on. He looked at me in surprise, but he said he did not think I'd be of any use to him. "Oh, yes, I will," said I: "I can rub down and watch your horses, and do many things for you if you will only let me try." He no longer objected. I got on the horse's back. It was hard travelling, for the roads were deep, and we could only get along at the rate of twelve miles a day. This was, however, my starting point. I went ahead after this. An independent spirit, and a sturdy, honest, conduct with what capacity God has given me—as He has given you—have carried me through the world successfully.

Don't be down-hearted at being poor, or having no friends. Try and try again. You can cut your way if you live, so as to please God. I know it's a hard time for some of you. You often are hungry, or wet with rain or snow, and it seems dreary in the city, to have no one to care for you. But trust in Christ and He will be your friend. Keep of good heart and be determined to make your own way honestly and truly though the world. As I said I feel for you; because I have gone through it all. I know what it is, God bless you.

☞ "I was never on intimate terms with the prisoner?" said a burglar who was used as a Queen's evidence against a "pal." "He was no gentleman. I've known him when he was robbing a house to drink a gentleman's champagne and go off with his silver, without leaving a card of thanks on the dining-room table. He brought discredit on the perfesshun."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Choice Receipts.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

POTATO PUDDING.—To 1 lb. white potatoes boiled and rubbed fine, add ½ lb. butter, ½ lb. sugar, 7 eggs, 1 gill cream, and 1 of rose water. Bake it in a crust.

VINTER PUDDING.—1 pint flower, 2 oz. butter, 1 tea cup sugar, do. milk, rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 oz. cream tar. Bake half an hour. P. B. L.

DELIGHTFUL PUDDING.—To 1 quart of boiled milk, ½ lb. of mashed potatoes, ½ lb. of flour, a small piece of butter, and when cold add 3 eggs. Let it bake half an hour.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Grate the quinces, and to every pound of quince add ½ lb. of white sugar. Boil 20 minutes, and pour into moulds. This keeps well.

A Lot of Receipts.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old crape.

Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it.

An inkstand was turned over a white tablecloth; a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper, plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared.

Picture frames and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped in a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water.

Bedbugs are kept away by washing the crevices with strong salt water, put on with a brush.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and not be used until three months old.

SCOURING KNIVES.—A subscriber to the American Agriculturist writes that the ashes of hard coal, unmixed with any from wood, are a better article than Bath brick for scouring knives, forks, etc.

No Royal Road to Science.

Porpora, one of the most illustrious masters in Italy, conceived a friendship for a young pupil, and asked him if he had courage to persevere with constancy in the course which he should mark out for him, however wearisome it might seem. Upon the pupil answering in the affirmative, Porpora noted, upon a single page of ruled paper, the diatonic and chromatic scales, ascending and descending, the intervals of third, fourth, fifth, etc., in order to teach him to take them with freedom, and to sustain the sounds, together with *trills, groups, appoggiatures*, and passages of vocalization of different kinds. This page occupied both the master and scholar during an entire year, and the year following was also devoted to it. When the third year was commenced, nothing was said of changing the lesson, and the pupil began to murmur; but the master reminded him of his promise. The fourth year slipped away, the fifth followed, and always the same eternal page. The sixth year found them at the same task; but the master added to it some lessons in articulation, pronunciation, and, lastly in declamation. At the end of this year, the pupil, who supposed himself still in the elements, was much surprised when the master said to him: "Go, my son; you have nothing more to learn; you are the finest singer in Italy and of the world." He spoke the truth, for the singer was Caffarelli.

AGRICULTURAL.

Wintering Bees.

Let the bees stand out until about the time it freezes up for winter, then select a dry spot of ground that will rise about one foot in fifteen, take a wide, dry board, lay it flat on the ground or an inch or two from the ground, drive a short post at each end of the board for a pole to rest on, high enough to clear the tops of the hives; put braces each side of the pole, at each end and centre, slanting out at the bottom, the tops resting on the pole; get dry boards enough to fill up both sides from the ground to the top resting on the braces; put the boards on one side; take dry straw and put on three or four inches thick, then begin to store away the bees.

Begin with the strongest stocks; set them on the board, raise each corner half an inch, open every ventilator at the top of the hive; set them one foot apart until you get the length of the board, then put on boards and straw the same as the other side. Cover the straw with three or four inches of earth. Should there be stocks enough for another length of boards continue it on just the same. Put the lightest stock near the centre. Make a tube six, eight, or ten feet in length, three or four inches square on the inside; insert this tube at the end, at the bottom, where the strongest stocks were placed, the outer end to run out to the weather with a wire screen over it to prevent rats and mice entering if possible. Make an elbow of a foot or so, at the end to keep the light from the bees; keep the end clear from snow that a constant current of air may enter. This is the bottom ventilation. Make a tube three feet or so in length the same size, to insert in the top at the upper end of the house, and thus secure a constant current of pure air at all times, and at the same time keep the temperature above freezing.

Should the Aparian have stocks enough to reach sixty feet, have another tube enter at the bottom as well as at the top—and also at the top at the upper end. The boards and straw being all dry absorb the moisture so that but little mold accumulates, while the current of air keeps them healthy. The Aparian may go out in the morning when the thermometer is below zero and put his ear at the end of one of those tubes, and hear the bees plain and distinct. Whenever the writer has wintered bees in the above manner they have come out stronger and with more honey than when kept in any other way.

N. B. When the bees are put up for winter, do it all in one day if possible, so that no rats or mice will enter the straw; and should it not freeze up immediately keep a close watch every day until it does, that no rat holes are made anywhere about it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

What Grape Vines to Plant.

A gentleman says:—"I want to put out 200 vines to raise grapes to sell at the most profit." We advised 20 Creveling, 25 Hartford Prolific, 80 Concord, 30 Delaware, 40 Union Village, 10 Diana, and 15 Allen's Hybrid, and for the following reasons:—The Creveling is a fair grape, and being one of the earliest, will sell well on this account alone. The Hartford is the next earliest, very prolific, of fair quality, and will therefore sell well. The Concord will yield more pounds than any other for the same trouble and number of vines, and is also of good quality, so that most people will buy it also. The Delaware grows slowly, and does not yield largely at first, but its superior quality will command a good price from a considerable class of persons. The Union Village is very large, of fair quality, and will sell well for its size alone. The Diana is of peculiar flavor, light color, and will suit a particular class of buyers who will pay more for it than for the black grape. The Allen's Hybrid is the most promising hardy *white* grape we have, is delicious eating—the fruit will sell at a high price. The above list we submitted to a large meeting of Fruit Growers, and it met with almost unanimous approval. Two or three objected to the Diana; with us it does very well.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

CULTURE OF CABBAGES BY SLIPS.—The slips, when taken from the cabbage-stalk, are exposed sufficient time to the sun and atmosphere to cauterize the wounded part. In the summer, twenty-four hours are sufficient, and two or three days in winter; rubbing a little wood-ashes on the part, as recommended by Mr. Lindley, greatly assists in cauterizing the wound, and prevents bleeding. Plant them, and they require no farther trouble. After cutting the cabbages, the sprouts again afford a supply of slips for plants, and thus a regular succession of cabbages is secured throughout the whole year, with the certainty of preserving the quality of the parent stock unchanged, and of doing away with the necessity of raising plants from seed.—*Gard. Mag.*

☞ It is said that if the largest pip in an apple be sown, the fruit will be similar to that of the parent tree without grafting; and that the cabbage seed gathered from the middle flower stem produces plants which will be fit for use a fortnight earlier than those from the seed of the lateral flower stems. Cucumber seeds may be sown early in June and July, in the open ground.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 17, 6, 30, is a river of one of the Southern States.
My 20, 29, 10, is a river of Europe.
My 23, 22, 28, 22, 3, is a river of Europe.
My 27, 9, 3, 22, is a river of Africa.
My 1, 18, 18, 2, 4, 7, 15, is a river of one of the Southern States.
My 21, 5, 25, 16, 22, is a river of Europe.
My 24, 13, 26, 14, is a man's first name.
My 11, 4, 19, is a verb signifying power.
My whole is the name of two distinguished citizens of this country. J. R. HOOVER.
Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 7, 8, 9, 6, 3, signifies to explode.
My 3, 8, 7, is a household utensil.
My 6, 4, 8, means to place.
My 5, 8, 10, is a mat.
My 7, 2, 2, 3, is a vegetable.
My 9, 2, 6, 3, means to try.
My 3, 8, 1, 1, 2, 5, is the name of an English author.
My whole is the name of a doomed city of the present time. J. R. BRIGGS.
Chelsea, Mass.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a female name, linked in relation
With hers, all sacred, of the meek, pure heart.
My second, dwelling in a calm seclusion,
Lives but for Heaven from the world apart.
My third, when gloom and sorrow linger near us,
We often hear upon the quiet air,
Relieving the full bosom of its sadness,
Amid lone watches, blent with tears and prayer.
My fourth's a vowel, and when sin and danger
Would lure with syren voice the feet to stray,
Nerve well the heart, steadfast my fifth performing,
And strong in virtue turn from ill away!
My whole's a promulgation, and wherever
Jehovah's temples rise beneath the skies,
There Christian souls bow down in adoration
Of this the greatest of all mysteries.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in minute, but not in hour.
My 2d is in castle, but not in tower.
My 3d is in wool, but not in yarn.
My 4th is in house, but not in barn.
My 5th is in wealth, but not in gain.
My 6th is in snow, but not in rain.
My 7th is in short, but not in long.
My 8th is in tune, but not in song.
My 9th is in help, but not in give.
My whole is a name that ever will live.
EVA.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an article of food,
My second is a price.
My whole is a robber.
Cincinnati, Ohio. JOE ROSS, JR.

Toll Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The tollage for crossing a certain bridge is as follows:—For a wagon, 1 cent more than twice as much as for a sleigh. For a sleigh, four-thirds of that paid for a rider, and 1 cent more. For a rider, two-ninths of that paid for a wagon, and one and a half times that paid by a footman. For a footman, one-ninth of a rider and 1 cent more. And lastly, for a wheelbarrow, 1 cent more than for a footman. Now it was observed one day that for every 2 wagons 5 sleighs did pass; for every 2 sleighs 3 riders did pass; and for every 5 riders 2 footmen did pass, besides 6 wheelbarrows between the time. The tollman received the above named additional 1 cent from all the wagons, sleighs and footmen that passed, as his wages for keeping the gate; and the tollage for that day amounted to $7.43, besides his wages. Now will any arithmetician furnish me with the answers: How many wagons, sleighs, riders and footmen had passed, and what each paid?
PERCIVAL JEWETT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose the city of Rochester to be in latitude 43 deg. North, what is the length of a degree of longitude in statute miles?
S. G. CAGROIN.
Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of nine numbers in geometrical progression is 511, and the sum of their squares is 87381. Required, the numbers.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why has a clock always a bashful appearance? Ans.—Because it keeps its hands before its face.

☞ Why is a man with his eyes shut like an illiterate schoolmaster? Ans.—Because he keeps his pupils in the dark.

☞ Why is "Yes" the most ignorant word in the language? Ans.—Because it does not "no" (know) anything.

☞ Can you spell blind pig in two letters? Ans.—P. G., that is pig without an I (eye.)

☞ When is a man thinner than a lath? Ans.—When he's a shaving.

☞ When is a man over head and ears in debt? Ans.—When he has a hat on which is not paid for.

☞ Why is a confectioner like a druggist? Ans.—Because he sells pies and things (pison things.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Charades, Puzzles and Enigmas. RIDDLE—Artemas Martin. CHARADE—Forward (For, Ward, War.) CHARADE—Charade (Char, Aid.)